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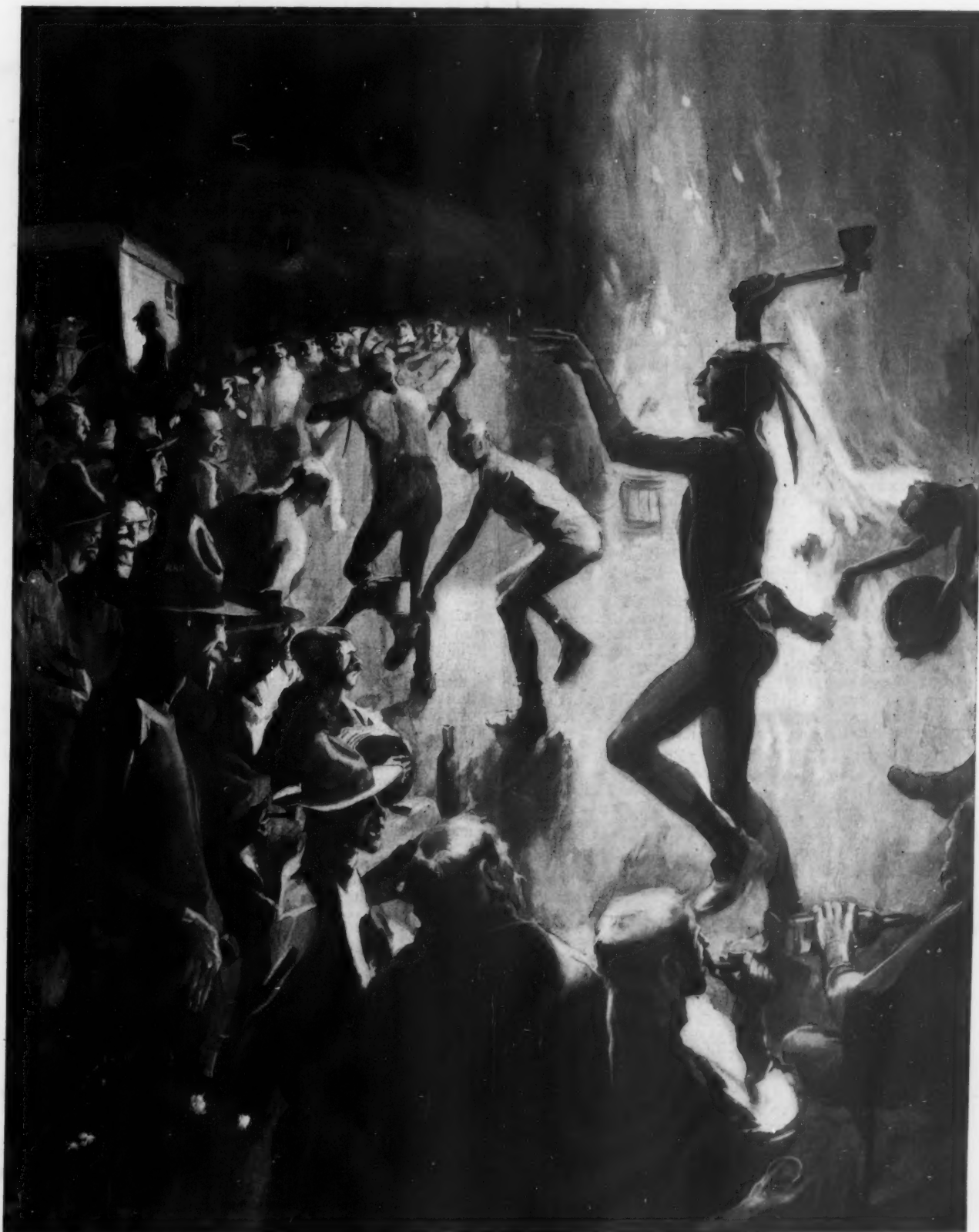
ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS

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SIoux "STAMP DANCE" IN THE ROUGH RIDERS' CAMP—(See page 11)

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NEW YORK OCTOBER ONE 1898

After October 1st the Art Department of COLLIER'S WEEKLY will be under the immediate direction of MR. GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS, assisted by MR. WALTER RUSSELL.

THE ANARCHIST who eliminated an empress has no stars to thank, but otherwise he may be grateful to the epoch which he has marred. The penalty which awaits him is delectable by comparison to that which the regicide anteriorly enjoyed. Under the old law vermin of this class were relieved first of a hand, then the body, scraped until quite raw, was treated to a series of leisurely baths, to douches of melted lead, emersions in bubbling oil, tubs of hot pitch, sprays of seething sulphur. The parents of the regicide were expelled the land. The house in which he crawled was razed to the ground. It was forbidden to build anything there again. Name and memory were forever accursed. That was the old penalty. If not benign it was just. The pity is that it cannot be revived for the benefit of this reptile.

ANARCHY has been defined as the last refuge of a scoundrel. This creature is a nihilist. Between anarchy and nihilism there is a difference. Infamy has its degrees. The programme of each is destruction. But where the one aims at the essence of society, the other strikes at its accident. Both creeds are accounted dreams, and rightly, yet it is in dreams that nightmares come. Hitherto in assassinations not similar, for there are none, but cognate, there has been an excuse or the semblance of one. In this instance there is no excuse whatever. Elizabeth of Austria had everything which the artificial world could give except artificiality, everything which power can bestow except might. The elimination of such a woman ought to result in the elimination of nihilists and of anarchists as well. It won't though. Anything however base, and by the same token however beautiful, has its natural place, its allotted span among us. Stepniak, in his work on these additions to the sum-total of humanity, alleges that they believe in God. One may wonder whether the compliment is returned.

MR. AUSTIN, Chief of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, after returning from a recent trip to the Antilles, announces himself in favor of annexation. Mr. Austin's reason of this is not, as might be assumed, statistical; it is not due to mere expansionism either. Mr. Austin is quoted as wishful for the reunion of lands that were originally one. Mr. Austin may seem eccentric. He is profound. Behind him are authorities as long as your arm. Poets, scientists and mythographers are agreed that once upon a time a continent was submerged. To antiquity the existence of that continent was a dream. To prehistoric Europe it was a tradition, to primeval humanity a fact. Its disappearance coincided with the advent of man. Plato had a lot to say on the subject. So also had Theopompus. According to these gentlemen it was very great, extending from the Pillars of Hercules to another greater still—to the one which we so enjoyably inhabit. Catalogued as Atlantis, its subsidence created our first rupture with Spain. Of it the Antilles remain. That our second rupture with Spain should result in a reunion with some of the fragments is curious enough, yet rightly considered, it is natural too. When effected we shall have but come into our own. Now what good and valid reason can be adduced to show that once upon a time the Philippines were not ours as well? History repeats itself. Geology should be permitted to do the same.

MR. CURZON'S appointment to India has been socially and wearisomely discussed, not because of his policy, which is forward, but because of his wife, who is not. It is generally assumed that this lady, formerly Miss Leiter of Chicago, will be

the first American to occupy a throne. But it is only last year that a young woman of this city left Fourth Avenue to become the queen of what used to be a cannibal isle. Her throne may not be all that fashion could wish, yet even so there is another, one of the most antique gimeracks in Europe, on which, already for a long time past, an American has sat. The latter was a Miss Heine of New Orleans. It is over Monaco's perverted garden that she rules. India is more alluring. It is the cradle of fairytales. There beauty first felt at home, romance too, literature for that matter, erudition as well. Before the throne at Delhi, on either side of which gold peacocks blaze with gems, a wall is illuminated with a legend which runs: "There is a paradise. And it is this, and it is this." The throne at Calcutta is comfortable, but less ornate. In view of Mrs. Curzon's nationality, it is not snobbish, but sympathetic, to regret that she can't be daised on the other. The viceregal article is a mushroom beside that of the Great Mogul.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, in a recent address to the British Association, stated, while reviewing the sources of wheat production, that presently the demand will exceed the supply. Not long ago M. de Nadaillac said the same thing in another tongue. Their premises differ, but the deduction is the same. Both indicate starvation. If these gentlemen are right, the hour, relatively speaking, is not distant when there must begin a struggle for life which will result in a survival of the fittest, providing always survival there be—the clatter and clash of empires contending not for China, not for Cubas, not for Cretes, not for Capes to Cairo, but for bread. A question remains, however. Are these gentlemen right? If so, then, manifestly, humanity is in love with an ideal which is not in love with it. Since the memory of man runs not to the contrary everything has been done to fell disease, prevent war, and further population. If starvation is to ensue, then peace is not a blessing, and the microbe is a boon.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE is rumored to be about to produce in London a play, the work of Sebastian Melmot, which, if successful, is to be given here. Mr. Melmot, who resides at Naples, is best known to local theater-goers as the author of "Lady Windermere's Fan." To the general public he is more recently known as the author of a poem entitled "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." In the latter there is a line or two to the effect that he who lives more lives than one, more deaths than one must die. Mr. Melmot must have died several times. His funerals, as well as the maladias which occasioned them, might charitably be buried now. But the point is elsewhere. The good plays which are served to us are so few and far between that should this one be produced here, and should it be half as witty as the other, it will be like biting one's own nose to decline to go and enjoy.

EDGAR SALTUS.

THE PEACE COMMISSION

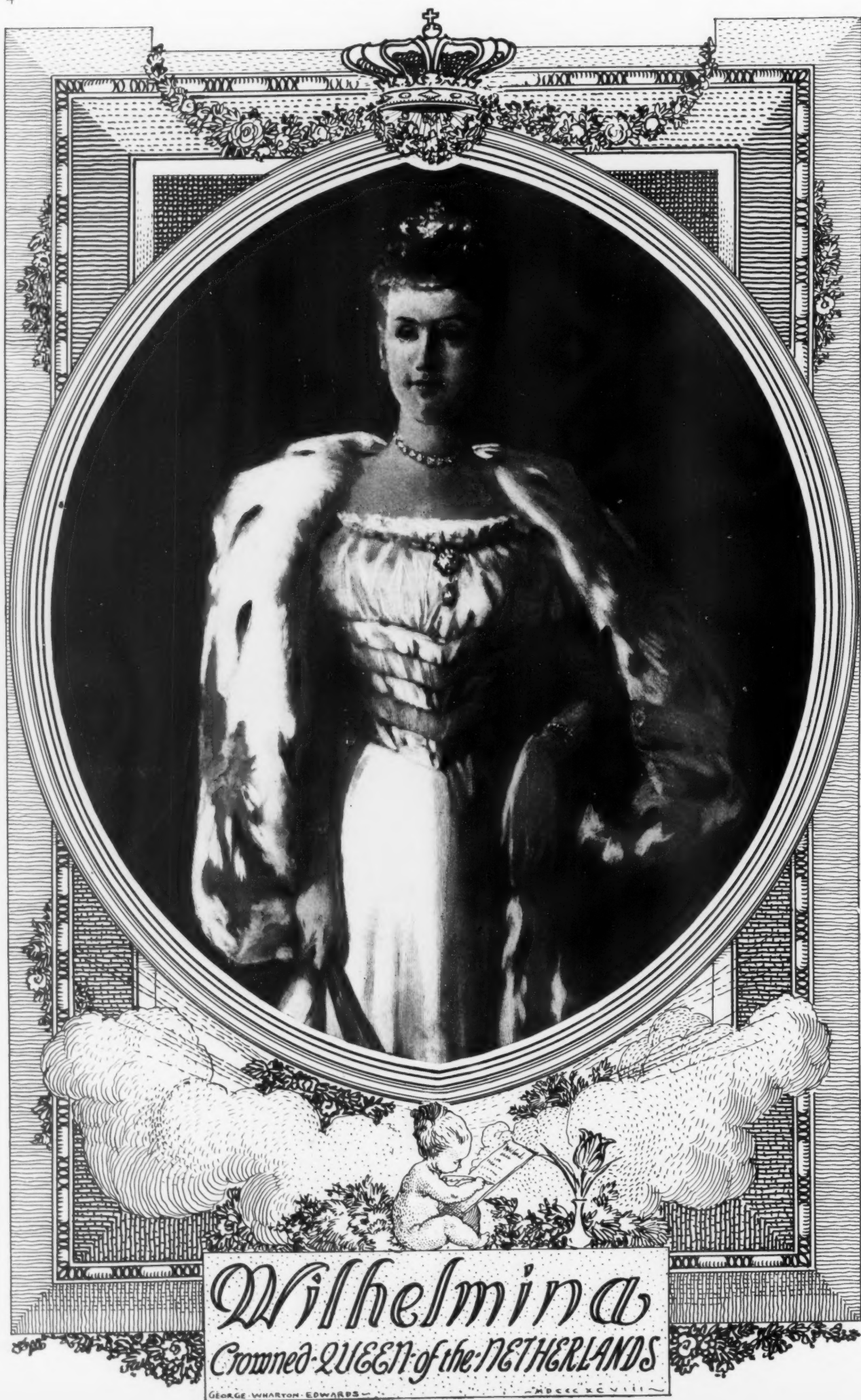
THE Peace Commission, of which the five American members left New York on September 17, will open its sessions in Paris on the 15th of October. An examination of the persons selected for plenipotentiaries does not throw much light on the President's intentions. Two of them, indeed, Senator Davis of Minnesota and Senator Frye of Maine, are known to be earnest advocates of the annexation of all the Philippines. The opinions of Mr. Whitelaw Reid are not positively known, but, if they may be inferred from the position taken by his newspaper, the New York Tribune, he also favors that solution of the problem. On the other hand, Senator Gray of Delaware opposed even the annexation of Hawaii; he could not, therefore, without inconsistency, recommend the acquisition of islands at the further end of the Pacific. Judge Day, the fifth member of the Commission, who was chosen by Mr. McKinley for the post of Secretary of State on the ground of long association and intimate friendship, and who, consequently, may be presumed to reflect the President's personal views, is understood to have held, up to a very recent date, that we should content ourselves with the retention of a coaling station. After all, however, while the commissioners are plenipotentiaries in the sense that their signatures will bind our Executive, although not, of course, the Senate, which forms a part of the treaty-making power, we may take for granted that, as agents, they will obey the instructions of their principal. What those instructions are has not been officially made known, but, if their purport has been correctly guessed by the daily newspapers, they represent the outcome of a compromise between widely conflicting policies. According to report, the provisional decision which was reached before the commissioners left Washington, but which, no doubt, may be modified by subsequent events, and especially in the light of the information which General Merritt is expected to bring from Manila, was that the United States will demand the cession by Spain of absolute sovereignty over the whole island of Luzon. With regard to the remaining islands, which have, collectively, an area of about seventy-four thousand square miles, the commissioners are directed to agree that these shall remain under the dominion of Spain, provided that power shall assent to certain stipulations; namely, that to the inhabitants of those islands shall be given a liberal form of government, involving a complete separation of Church and State; that the United States shall have a right

of pre-emption, in the event that Spain shall wish, at any time, to sell any of the islands; and that, meanwhile, throughout the archipelago, American citizens shall have the same commercial privileges which are enjoyed by Spanish subjects.

If these instructions are accurately outlined, they will only partially commend themselves to the good sense and conscience of our people. So far, indeed, as the retention of Luzon is concerned, this would, unquestionably, command the approval of the whole Republican party, and of an influential minority of the Democracy; a simple provision, therefore, to that effect would be, in all likelihood, ratified by the prescribed two-thirds of the United States Senate. We believe that a treaty embodying a more thorough and trenchant solution of the Philippine problem by the annexation of all the islands would also secure the sanction of the necessary number of Senators. It is doubtful, on the other hand, whether the complicated programme ascribed to the Administration, and which can only be described as a half-way measure, will prove acceptable to the legislative section of the treaty-making power. The programme seems to involve a sacrifice both of our duty and of our interests. By acquiescence in the continuance of all the islands, except Luzon, under Spanish rule, we abjure the moral obligation which we contracted to their inhabitants, when we undertook to deliver Spain's colonial possessions from the curse of age-long misgovernment. The Philippines, viewed as a whole, have suffered even more at Spanish hands than has Cuba, and there is no reason to suppose that the Visayas and other southern members of the Philippine archipelago have suffered less than the Tagals of Luzon. Mindanao, it is true, is largely unexplored, and only a part of its coasts have ever been occupied, even nominally, by the Spaniards, but the Visayas in the midway islands are as far advanced in civilization as are the Tagals of Luzon—indeed they were civilized earlier—and we know not upon what plea, valid in the forum of ethics, the United States can deny to the former those guarantees of peace, order and civil liberty with which the latter are to be endowed. It is, of course, a derisory device, the so-called stipulation by which we attempt to evade the duty imposed by events upon ourselves, and to transfer to Spain the obligation to give the southern islanders good government. The colonial history of the Spanish monarchy demonstrates that it could not give its transmarine dependencies good government if it would, and that it would not if it could. The stipulation would no more be carried out than was the Treaty of Zanjón, whereby the Ten Years' War in Cuba was perfidiously brought to an end in 1878. We shall expose ourselves to obloquy in the eyes of the world, if we content ourselves with exacting from Spain a covenant that will be worthless unless we, ourselves, provide guarantees for its enforcement. To commit ourselves to a task of incessant supervision and enforcement, to constitute ourselves, in other words, a perpetual court of arbitration between Spain and her subjects in the Philippines, would be to enter on a path which will inevitably lead to a renewal of war, under circumstances, perhaps, less favorable to us than the present, for Spain may not always find herself without an ally. Unless, then, the stipulation in question is to be confessed a mockery, we must make ourselves responsible for its fulfillment, and this will involve us in difficulties more serious than would attend the immediate annexation of all the islands. It cannot be argued that this is a case where moral obligation should be subordinated to national convenience and pecuniary interest. It would give us less trouble, and cost us less money, to annex all the islands outright than to have in Spain a jealous and vindictive neighbor, exasperated by our arrogation of a tutelary role toward her oppressed dependencies, and of a treaty right to interfere on their behalf. We pass to the proposed stipulation that American citizens shall have equal commercial privileges with the Spaniards in all the islands of which Spain shall retain control. This means, if it mean anything, that American goods shall be admitted to those islands upon terms identical with those which are imposed on Spanish commodities. It is a concession which will never be made by the Madrid government, except with the covert determination to evade it. Spain has never had but two uses for the Philippine archipelago: in the first place, it has offered opportunities of swift enrichment for officials appointed by the politicians in power at the Spanish capital; in the second place, it has afforded a market for Spanish products, which, however, could only keep their customers by means of a discriminating tariff that gave them a virtual monopoly. Only by an appeal to force could we secure the execution of a stipulation giving our citizens equal commercial privileges, and the moment we resorted to the threat of war, we should be met with the announcement that Spain desired to sell the islands, finding them no longer profitable. It is with a view to such a contingency that a third stipulation is provided, that, namely, conceding to us a right of pre-emption, in case Spain should desire to sell. An equitable right of pre-emption, however, would require us to pay as much as another power was disposed to offer. There is reason to believe that Germany would be willing to give a large sum of money for a single one of the islands: to wit, Cebu; indeed, she is said to have made already overtures to that effect. Cebu, as a glance at the map will show, occupies a strategic position of superlative value; it forms the center of a cluster; and its chief town is the capital of the Visaya group, besides ranking next to Iloilo in commer-

cial importance. If we allowed the Berlin government to gain Cebu by purchase, we could only by war avert its ultimate acquisition of all the islands south of Luzon. That Germany will urge Spain to refuse assent to the pre-emption stipulation is almost certain, and it is undoubtedly with an eye to a possible collision with the first-named power that the armorclads "Oregon" and "Iowa" have been ordered to re-enforce the squadron under Admiral Dewey.

We see, then, that, if the instructions given to our peace commissioners have been correctly reported, they are of questionable expediency, except so far as they comprise a demand for the cession of Luzon. The supplemental stipulations, even should Spain nominally subscribe to them, could only be enforced by a recourse to war, in which it is not improbable that we should have more than one antagonist. We are unable, however, to perceive on what ground the assumption is made by many daily newspapers that Spain will, even nominally, assent to any conditions that we may see fit to put forward. Spain has an equal voice in the peace commission; her plenipotentiaries have as much right to refuse any designated terms as we have to propose them, the moment we go outside the text of the protocol, which only bound Spain to surrender Cuba and Puerto Rico, together with a port in the Ladrões, and which relegated to the commission the whole question of the Philippines, with the exception of a provision that our occupation of the city and harbor of Manila should continue. The moment, then, that our commissioners ask for anything beyond what is given to us by the protocol, their Spanish colleagues are at perfect liberty to withhold it, and, should they persist in a recalcitrant attitude, the only possible outcome of the negotiations would be a deadlock. By a deadlock, we should be reduced, apparently, to a choice between these alternatives, namely, a renewal of the war or a complete renunciation of the claims made by our commissioners. We say "apparently," for it is to be hoped that a third course may be hit upon, seeing that the American people would never permit the adoption of the last of the alternatives named, while, on the other hand, it would be unreasonable to make us incur a further waste of patriotic blood merely because President McKinley did not know his own mind about the Philippines at the time when the protocol was signed. What is the third course that we might follow, provided Spain's plenipotentiaries shall exercise their undoubted right of declining to acquiesce in the terms proposed by our commissioners? Obviously, it would be cheaper for us to offer Spain some pecuniary compensation than to support the cost of a renewal of the war. In the present condition of its treasury, the Madrid government is not in a position to support in the islands south of Luzon an army and a navy adequate to the maintenance of peace and order, and it would gladly be relieved of that burden, provided it could obtain, at the same time, some help toward the liquidation of its most pressing financial obligations. There is, for instance, the so-called Philippine debt, which is relatively small, and the Cuban debt, which is comparatively large; the interest on both of these indebtedments has hitherto been met from the revenues of the islands concerned, but must now be defrayed from the public income of the Iberian peninsula itself. We might agree to assume the Philippine debt, and further covenant that either the United States or independent Cuba would provide the interest on one-fifth of the Cuban debt, that being the fraction which the Autonomist government, established at Havana under General Blanco, accepted as representing that part of the money borrowed in Cuba's name which was actually applied for the welfare of the island. The whole sum, for which we might thus render ourselves directly or indirectly responsible, would not greatly exceed one hundred millions of dollars, and would certainly fall short of one hundred and fifty millions. It is a sum which we could easily pay down, if we chose, from the surplus of our annual revenue, distended, as this now is, by the war taxes. If it be asked, Why should we pay a dollar for islands which we have practically conquered, the answer is that it is too late to talk of exercising the right of conquest over the Philippines, seeing that the President has voluntarily relegated the disposition of those islands to a commission in which Spain is allowed to have an equal voice. Moreover, in tendering Spain a moderate amount of money for the relinquishment of sovereignty over all the Philippines, we should but follow the humane and generous precedent, which we ourselves gave to the world by our treatment of Mexico in 1848. At that time, our soldiers under General Scott occupied the Mexican capital, and we might, had we so chosen, have annexed the whole of the Mexican Confederation. As a matter of fact, we annexed only the territory now comprised in California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico; and that we took, not by conquest, but by purchase, paying therefor the sum of fifteen million dollars in cash, besides assuming three million dollars due to American citizens from Mexico. Subsequently, we paid to Mexico another considerable sum for the so-called Gadsden Purchase, needed to round out our acquisitions. That was the first, and, thus far, the last, time, when a conquering power, which had its enemy at its feet, paid money to be permitted to retain a part of its conquest. That was a noble and majestic precedent, and it will do President McKinley no harm in the eyes of history if he shall take it to heart, now that the United States have once more to deal with a vanquished and bankrupt nation.





(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

AMSTERDAM, Sept. 10, 1898.

AS AN American abroad for purposes of observation, my retina never ceased reflecting what fell within the range of vision, from the hour in which the monster steamer drew out of the slip, faced about and headed down New York's majestic harbor. It has no direct relation to the investiture of Holland's sovereign, but I can no more withhold a mention of our glad salutation of Sampson's brave squadron and braver men as they passed inward to open-armed New York on that sunlit Saturday morning than I could refrain from storying the renewed pride one feels in the possession of his tongue and nation after departing from New York, pausing in London, and arriving in the capital of the Netherlands.

On the night of the 30th ult. the Great Eastern's Continental Express drew out of the Liverpool Street station and sped onward without pausing till it reached Harwich and transferred its freight, animate and inanimate, to the Royal Mail steamer "Dresden." A few moments and she was cutting through the rolling waters in a straight line toward the Hook. From water to rail again at five in the morning; and at 7.30 I found myself in quaint, archaic Amsterdam. I deemed it not more than fitting to present the compliments of COLLIER'S to the secretary of the Press Committee from whom it had received a most cordially worded invitation to the coronation festivities before Spain was served with our Cuban dispossession notice. But ante-bellum warmth had been succeeded by post-bellum frigidity. I found the undersized secretary to be harboring an undersized antipathy to everything American. I really think the gentleman was suffering in his tenderest part by the decline of Spanish 4's.

The old town was robing herself for the occasion; and, one could guess, coolly surveying herself in the hundred mirrors the stagnant waters of the canals, which are her main thoroughfares, afford. A silly old maid is Amsterdam, who, having conquered every external temptation, still retains her pristine vanity in her clumsy, self-satisfied virginity. She resists the brilliancies of Paris, tales of which are borne to her by tongues that have tasted of the dainties in the world. No son of hers can tempt her. It requires a quarter-century to persuade her into acceptance of a foreign improvement. She is still convinced that cleanliness consists of moving filth from one site to another, of sweeping and dusting from the house into the street, from one side of the street to the other, and finally into the canals, which lie across her bosom like ribs in some vast monster.

Five days had yet to pass ere the crown should burden the maiden brow of the girl-sovereign—Wilhelmina; and even now was Amsterdam pulsating in its importance in the approaching investiture. Holland is glad in the occasion of the coronation of its queen. For the greater part of a decade it has been without an Orange sovereign, and it loves the House of Orange, which did much for the conservation of its independent integrity. William III. died, leaving the newly crowned queen at the age of ten years. Since then until now the queen-mother, Emma, has ruled as regent. She has shown no quality to give ground for fault-finding; but she is of the House of Waldeck-Pyrmont, a German, and your Hollander has no love for Prussia's king nor Prussian power; no more than a lonely explorer in the tropics could embrace the crocodile that gapes beside him, awaiting an opportune moment to tickle his palate with a mouthful of humanity. So the regent was presented with the gracious gift of three hundred thousand gulden and steps down and out to make room for her offspring, apart from whom she must pass the remnant of her days in accordance with the requirements of a monarchical system.

The city, after a labored effort, forgave Wilhelmina the accident of being born of a German mother. Amsterdam has a heart and let it overflow, for which breach of common sense it has already paid the penalty of a royal snub. It put its hand into its pocket deeper than is easy for a Dutchman to thrust, and had a coach constructed that would become any queen upon the broad, green earth. The material in the coach,

without adding the value of labor, cost one hundred thousand gulden—a fact which justified the belief that Wilhelmina would make use of it upon the occasion of her entry into the city where the Constitution requires the royal oath to be given. But the young queen sent notice that she preferred accepting the gift at another time, and would use for this occasion the coach already provided. Amsterdam swallowed its ire and prepared to wax enthusiastic, even while its exceptional donation stood unused under lock and key without purpose or part in the ceremony.

Every Dutch denizen made some effort at decoration. The longitudinal stripes of red, white and blue topped by orange-colored streamers waved before house-fronts in every street and alleyway of the city. After these each man followed the dictates of his fancy and the capacity of his generosity in adorning his premises with one of a thousand designs. The Dam is the main square of the town. Fronting it from the west is the royal palace, where the queen will reside when affairs of state require her presence in Amsterdam, and at no other time, for the city has no attraction for her. No attempt at embellishing the gray walls of the palace was apparent. The somber gray stood out in odd contrast to the other three sides of the Dam. Only at the low, unpretentious entrance was an orange canopy suspended from orange poles which leaned out about twelve feet from the wall. A similar arrangement of color and material marked the entrance to the Nieuwe Kerk, where the coronation took place and which lies just north of the palace. The memorial window constructed to commemorate this occasion rises for about one hundred feet above this entrance. This window, completed in the present year, was the only discoverable excuse for the title of "New Church." As a matter of fact, ground was first broken for the structure in 1408, giving it a fairly respectable age in the minds of any but Dutchmen. In the center of the square "Naadje" rises on a thirty-foot pedestal. "Naadje" is the Hollanders' goddess of Liberty, and maintains an unswerving admonitory gaze upon the palace, which may account for Wilhelmina's distaste for Amsterdam. The goddess was silvered, to make her more brilliant for the festivities, and around her pedestal was erected a framework of rainbow-tinted woodwork, the whole being not unpleasant to look at, but an accurate illustration of Dutch taste, which one does not miss in himself. The Bourse, lying to the rear of Naadje's left hand, was splendidly decorated, rivaling the Bank of the Netherlands down on the Rokin. The bank, it was said, had expended fifteen thousand gulden for its illumination and decoration; and an Amsterdamer would never fail to repeat these awful figures to you if you chanced to drift into talk of the subject.

Friday and Saturday passed, every citizen busy in perfecting his preparations. Each day saw the arrival of a multitude of visitors. Every cafe and hotel doubled rates. Any sort of a vehicle became a luxury for a millionaire.

Embassadors pulled wires to procure coaches at less than would exhaust the funds allotted them. A military attaché to one of the legations spent half a day in the city seeking a conveyance for less than two hundred gulden (eighty dollars) per diem. He finally got one for three-fourths of that sum, and when he had signed the rental agreement found it impossible to secure a card of admittance to the royal reception. What he said at the moment is not recorded; but we are to suppose that he adhered to the etiquette of diplomacy. All military attachés from other

nations were barred upon this occasion; and this, it was whispered, through the jealousy of the Dutch army officers, who were generally a rather shabby lot, not likely of preference from the ladies.

A feature of great interest, which was rather overlooked by the visitor who circled the city in the vicinity of the palace, was the old Dutch fishing boats from the north, which were moored in a group on the westerly side of the Damrak. In one of these a whole generation of wide-skirted and pantalooned Hollanders will complete its life. The women wear different head-dresses according to their native part, and bright, vari-colored skirts and bodices; all the women and girls from one part being costumed in almost exact similarity. The pantaloons of the men are black in color and with hands in the side-pockets measure about one foot in width. Of such as these stern sons of the Zuyder Zee, with their firmset lips and protruding chins and their superior indifference to the stare of the city-dweller—of such as these, having led their life and practiced their morality, must have been the discoverer of the Hudson. Their solidly built craft were plumed with the four colors and crude placards testified to their exultation at the crowning of the queen.

Down in the Jewish quarter one saw as fine a structural imitation as Sir Henry Irving ever put on the Lyceum stage. It was done in stucco and represented the old feudal Zuider castle. Guards in the old military dress patrolled behind the creneling at the base of the turrets. If one could shut his eyes from the surroundings and deaden his olfactory nerves he might easily be transported two centuries into the past. The other decorations hereabout were in fair taste and sometimes very striking. It was, perhaps, the part of the city where one could see the most effective color and drapery.

At last Monday dawned, the day which was to witness the joyous entry of their majesties, the queen and the queen-mother, into Amsterdam. The old city throbbed with the pulse-beats of three-fourths of a million. Early in the morn-



A DUTCH MILK-WOMAN

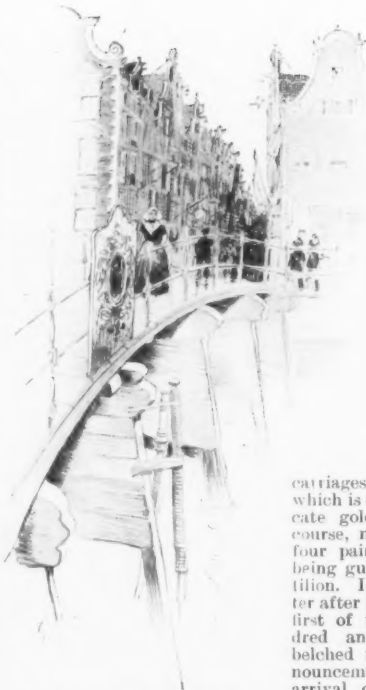
ing the humbler inhabitants began locating themselves in unreserved places along the route, bearing with them queer old baskets filled with *kass* and *brood* and various other substances which I knew to be eatable when I saw them chewing upon them. As the sun rose higher the people grew denser, men, women and children, drunk and sober, singing and silent, well-clad and half-clad, all intent upon occupying viewpoints or gaining such as they had reserved.

At ten in the morning, five hours ere the procession should pass, I walked through the Raadhuis Straat on my way to the Weesperpoort station. Humanity in the exuberance of reflected glory flowed in both directions in thousands. Groups of twenty to fifty were seated upon all sorts of abutments and projections of buildings along the thoroughfares which intersected the route. Spectators were standing in place already with half the daylight to pass before the spectacle should file before them. It was an hour later when the "Schutterij," or Dutch militia, began to clear the center of the crowded roadway. Boyish-looking Hussars, topped with immense muff hats such as we reserve to drum-majors, and mounted on slender-legged beasts that might have been taken from one of Detaille's canvases, rode up and down, assisting the "Schutterij" by prancing their steeds into projecting portions of the thickening throng. Along the mile of route a soldier stood at every three paces on either side. A Continental queen bears a constant fear with her as she traverses the highways of her cities; so the function of maintaining order is delegated, not to the man with the night-stick, but to the lad with the bayonet. At midday the route was cleared to the curbs, the infantry lined along its edges, damming up the streaming mass behind them. Vari-plumed officers strutted along in the center of the thoroughfare or grouped themselves to bask in the sunshine of admiration which glowed in the eyes of the uniformed multitude. As I stop for a moment to survey the impressive scene the awful work of a stampede in such a mob comes to my mind, and I offer thanks for the accident policy which the fore-sighted committee has issued to me.

Presently some half-dozen mounted police ride by toward the station, followed by the head commissary of police in a barouche, a dignitary beside whom a mere burgomaster pales into insignificance. He is going to the station, and I know it is time to hasten my steps; but I must pause to admire him. I can bear with that self-exaltation which oozes out at his eyes, so glorified he feels, for he has a certain mercy withal. He is the only one of that vast throng of officialdom which I have seen who does not wear a uniform. He has restrained the appetite for gold lace and appears in simple "evening dress," though Sol has just passed the meridian.

I plod along as quickly as possible in the vast crowd, but am overtaken by another barouche from the direction of the Dam. In it are three reproductions in life of Father Time's latest portrait, and a Dutchman at my side is good enough to tell me that the little banner borne unsteadily aloft in one wan hand explains that these three constitute the fading remnants of Holland's contribution to Bonaparte's Waterloo. 'Twas but a feeble cheer that hailed these erstwhile lusty warriors as they rode by children whose fathers' freedom they had fought to maintain.

The ceaseless movement of the far-reaching throng never abates. Little incidents here and there draw the attention for a moment. A remark is greeted by a chorus of coarse ha-ha's which I refrain from taking to indicate the texture of the joke. Her Majesty's chamberlain rides by in a court coach, to make sure of the arrangements for her reception at the palace, in rear of which Hussars are posted about, while mounted officers of the Guard of Honor canter back and forth in true Continental magnificence. A detachment of marines marches across the Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal as a pair of court coaches halt before the palace entrance to discharge some ladies of the bedchamber. A moment and the street band at my side bursts forth with the strains of the national anthem. Heads are uncovered and voices accompany the music. Some fifty officers afoot line about the palace entrance, a white-stockinged, green-suited member of the household staff standing in the doorway dominating the group. To the right stands



A BRIDGE AND STREET IN AMSTERDAM

a carriage of regal elegance, whose orange-ribboned hackneys stare down the Raadhuis Straat as though comprehending all the hubbub and eagerly watching for the first glimpse of the girl-queen. Confetti showered like colored snow upon the heads of the street crowd from the windows above. Peddlers go about with trays of these and other celebratory apparatus, everything to make noise, display and fun.

But I move onward toward the station, for the royal train is due within an hour. The scene is a duplication of that at the palace, save that here are waiting the military escort, more officers and some dozen carriages, including the royal coach which is enameled in white with delicate gold trimming. There is, of course, no box upon it, each of the four pair drawing it being guided by a postilion. It was a quarter after two when the first of the one hundred and one guns belched forth the announcement of the arrival of the royal train.

The queen and the regent who was soon to release the reins of power into the hands of her daughter proceeded first to the Salle d'Honneur, where they received the authorities who awaited them. The burgomaster then bade his sovereign welcome to the city and to the throne and proposed to those about him to join in shouting a long life to the queen.

After these and other expressions and obeisances had been made she replied to the burgomaster:

"I thank you very sincerely for the cordial words addressed to me. It is needless to assure you that for a long time past I have been looking forward to the moment, the most solemn in my life, which I am about to see arrive in the capital."



TYPE OF PEASANT

The procession began forming outside the station; and I hastened back across the city to my position on the Raadhuis Straat. The crowd there was all eyes and ears for first sight of the cortege. In the distance the brass bound helmets of the mounted police who marched in the van gleamed in the sun and everybody stood on tip-toe. A mass of waving headgear greets the beginning; and the first wave of excitement is subdued as a troop of Hussars, four abreast, pass by. Then follows the finest corps in the Dutch army, founded in his lifetime by Prince Hendrik, uncle of the young queen. He was a man of rich taste, judging from his artillery who ride by beneath a weight of gold braid which keeps the eye fixed upon them. These are the men with whom, the Austrian cavalry and the French infantry, William I. of Germany believed he could conquer the world. Detachments of the East Indian military forces come next, looking rather ordinary after the gorgeous Prince Hendrik corps. Marines and tars, in number about two hundred, were next in line, and just preceding, carriages bearing ladies and gentlemen of the court. At last the shouting and hat-waving betokened the approach of the royal carriage. In the distance I saw the white plumes of the Guard of Honor as they mounted the bridge crossing the Singel, and immediately in their rear eight shining steeds drawing the white-paneled carriage in which the queen and the queen-mother.

As they passed along the thunder of voices rolled from one section of the crowd to the next, keeping pace with the progress of the procession. Flowers were scattered in profusion at the feet of the two queens. The regent sat unmoved, her eyes fixed steadily upon the plumes of the Guard. She evidently had a thorough appreciation of her newly created unimportance, and was striving to live down to it. Wilhelmina bowed continuously and waved her kerchief first to one side and then to the other, all the time retaining a smile of delight which infected everybody with enthusiasm. A few outriding guards at either side and a battalion in the rear and the day's show had ended, leaving the multitude enthusiastic for the morrow's ceremonies. In fifteen minutes the entire cortege had filed past, impressing the American mind in its short-lasting gorgeousness by its resemblance to a Barnum parade. For another hour the people stood watching the different military bodies disperse, and then betook themselves to the

Dam, where the queen stood bowing upon the palace balcony. After she had retired they hid themselves away to satisfy hunger and gratify thirst. But they returned again quickly and grouped themselves in the Dam or marched about the city, drunk with beer, Schiedam and good nature.

As darkness fell all was commotion. Girls and boys, soldiers, sailors and serving-maids, old men and women, urchins of all grades of cleanliness and filth, made obeisance and plighted their souls to Wilhelmina and Bacchus for the night. They marched along in platoons singing with all the power of their lungs:

"Death to the socialist, he-ha-ho!
Long live William III."

William III. has been dead for eight years; but that didn't matter. He was father to Wilhelmina — reason enough for wishing long life to him. In the Dam they danced in a mad ring-



A DUTCH STREET

a-rosy fashion till you had feared a head bobbing off or an arm springing from the socket. The din and uproar overspread the city and lasted until dawn. It seemed as if one would have to leave the country to escape it; for all Holland sang and danced that night. As I stared at the cold gray walls of the palace I tried to guess the emotions roused in her who was within by this strange, weird demonstration, which transformed midnight into noon. To-morrow she was to take the throne of sovereignty over this people. She could not steal away from the gilt-and silk-bound throng that gathered about her and hide in the solitude of some attic room, there to render a pious prayer that these human sheep might be well guided by their youthful shepherdess. No. There she must remain before the camera eye of courtroom, which insists upon its object ever "looking pleasant" though a very hell of doubt torture its soul. But she is only eighteen in years; and perhaps she is good enough and strong enough to shut the glittering tinsel for a moment from her sight and turn those young eyes outward over the heads of the mad mob to the dark sky that lowers over the Zuyder Zee, to pray, no less truly than if solitude were vouchsafed her, that all the tremendous energy in her people which is to-night turned to the production of the merest froth may never be loosed in the red road of ruin. And does to-morrow's queen picture other to-morrows when the lines of loyalty may be transposed and this mobile throng be shouting with the same vehemence for vengeance upon her?

But the great eve ends at last; and Tuesday dawns—the day of the great event. The multitude is in place at nine. To the west lies the palace and directly on its north the church. The three other sides of the Dam and the pavement are an animate mass. From roofs and windows and in the space below thousands of eyes turn restlessly about, with two hours to pass before the ceremony begins. From the steeples the clarions have hailed the advent of the day. All is bustle and movement about the palace. Splendidly clad officials pass in and out and offer to the waiting throng some relieving interest. The hour draws nigh, and tired nerves tighten in anticipation. It is less than one hundred feet from the palace entrance to the doorway of the church, and for the brief moment required to cover the distance these loyal souls have stood, or sat, or hung to anything that offered support, for hours.

A moment comes when the splendid eight-horsed carriage of the queen-mother is led to the doorway. The regent enters it and is driven the distance to the church entrance. She alights and goes into the church preceded by the Orange princesses and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Within is a scene of impressive magnificence. The solemn act is to occur upon the red stage at



GIRL IN PEASANT HEADDRESS

the head of the aisle there, back of which is placed the massive brazen screen. Before this screen are two thrones, one larger than the other. A lofty canopy of gold and ermine hangs above these. The rich light of the sun enters through the varicolored windows, investing every detail with symbolic brilliancy. The mellow orange and royal blue which hang all about, the golden crown, ball and scepter, stand forth in almost audible elegance in the brightness that a benevolent sun casts upon them. To the assemblage within it is an augury of a happy reign for the young sovereign. The queen-mother, gowned in heliotrope, passes down to the strains of the organ and takes the smaller throne which she is henceforth to occupy. The ladies are hardly placed about her when a climaxing roar is heard from without. All eyes turn to the rear. First appears General Van der Heyden, bearing the Sword of State. The admiral follows; then heralds; kings of arms; the master of ceremonies and high officers of the queen. They pass up to the stage and place themselves about. The organ and choir break into "Wilhelmus," the national anthem, and Wilhelmina appears in the doorway.

Beneath the gorgeous red velvet robe I could discern the glint of her white satin gown as she stepped daintily yet with truly regal tread, a diamond crown upon her head, and that swan's neck adorning a splendid necklace. That obstinacy for which she has been noted as a child endows her features with a determination imparting vigor and significance to her beauty; for Wilhelmina is beautiful indeed. Her speech from the throne she delivered with an intonation and variety of expression which raised its quality above that of a mere form.

"Gentlemen of the States-General—Since the death of my ever-lamented father, and until I had completed my eighteenth year, the Government has been in the hands of my mother. I have now assumed the Government, and I have issued my proclamation to my well-beloved people,

the hour has now arrived when, amid my faithful States-General, and invoking the Holy name of God, I shall pledge myself to the people of the Netherlands to maintain their rights and privileges. On this day I draw more closely the solemn tie existing between myself and my people. The very ancient union between the Netherlands and Orange is confirmed. Beautiful is my vocation, and beautiful my task. I am happy and grateful to be able to govern the Netherlands people, a nation small in respect to number of inhabitants, but great in virtue of its strength and character. I esteem it a privilege and a pleasing duty to devote all my strength to the prosperity and welfare of our Fatherland. Orange can never, yea never, do enough for the Netherlands. I need your support and co-operation, and I am convinced that you will lend me these, in order that we may be able to work together for the honor and prosperity of our Netherlands people. May this be the aim of our life, and may God bless your and my labors for the salvation of the Fatherland!"

Some moments of silent movement and breathless watching, and the arm of a girl is upraised as from lips that seem made for kisses issues the solemn oath:

"I swear to the Netherlands people that I will always guard and maintain the Constitution. I swear that I will defend and guard with all my strength the independence and territory of my empire, that I will protect general and private liberty and the rights of all my subjects, and that I will use all the measures which the laws place at my disposal, as a good king should do. So help me Almighty God."

Then the gathering tide broke loose; and cheers reverberated in tenfold volumes as hats swung wildly in the air, to testify to Holland's joy in the possession of its sovereign.

The queen seated herself to receive the oath of loyalty from every member of the States-General. The great moment had passed and this ceremony could not replace it in interest. Then the king of arms lifted the scepter and proclaimed the inauguration of "Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina," supplementing this with three cries of "Long live the Queen!" Another great cheer arose within the church, and a louder one from the throng without, to whom heralds had made announcement of the oath.

Wilhelmina retraced her steps to the carriage again, but now as actual sovereign of the Netherlands. The cannon boomed hundred-fold salutations until she had entered the palace; but the crowd in the Dam cheered on with unabated zeal, until she appeared upon the balcony. Then they betook themselves to eating, drinking, shouting and singing again, all through the afternoon till dawn of Wednesday, the night being a repetition of the previous one, intensified.

No excess of enthusiasm had power to dampen



A DUTCH WINDMILL AND WATERWAY

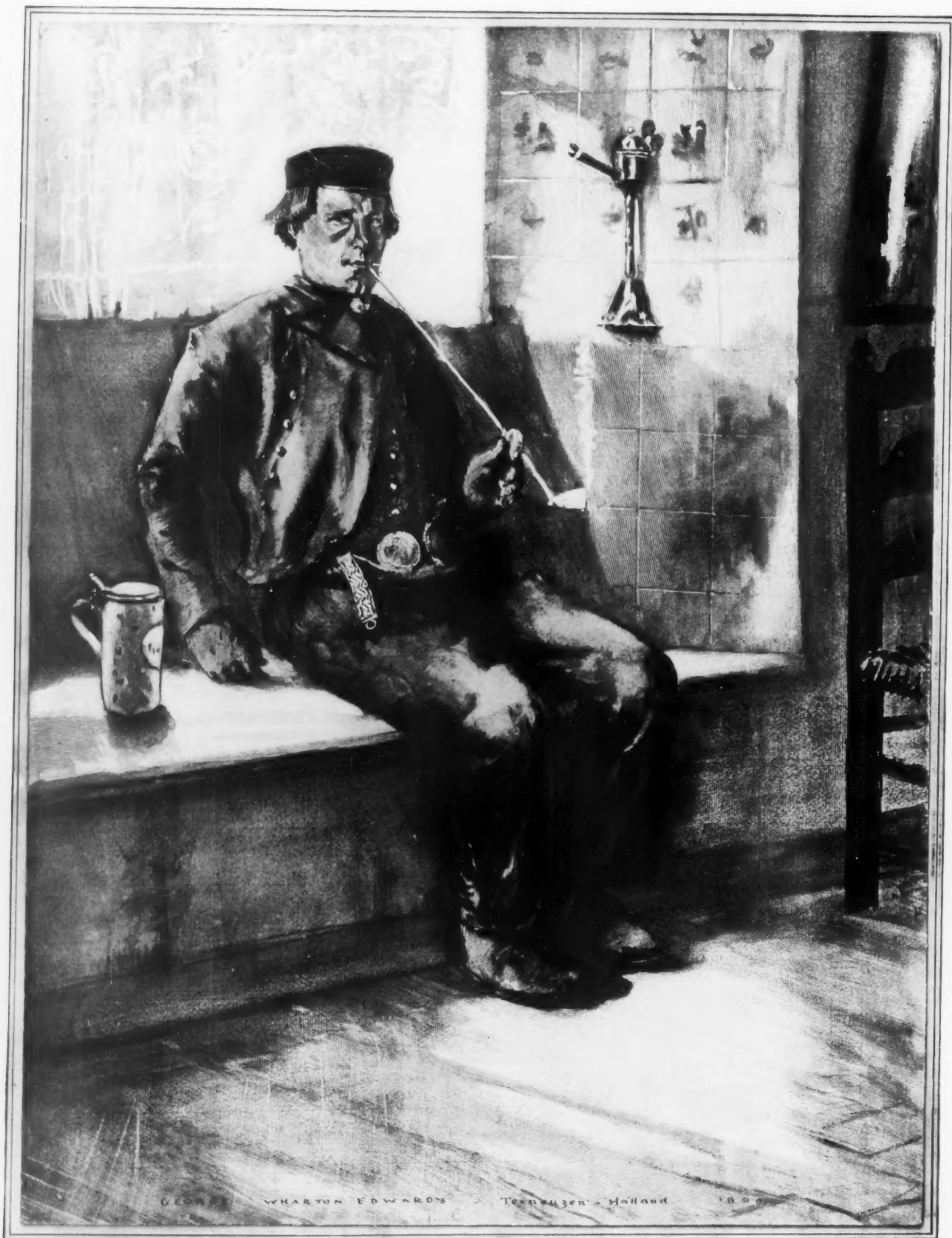
them. Platoons of soldiers, civilians and girls penetrated every thoroughfare of the city. As the night advanced the soldiers grew bolder and the maidens more careless. One perpetual singing, laughing shout, augmented by the rat-tat-tat of an occasional drum, trebled in power by the echoes in the narrower streets, ring in my ears until I stand to realize that this is the same earth where men lead real lives, do actual deeds, and prosper in a sane and sober happiness. The joy of a mob is equally impressive and almost as



INTERIOR OF PEASANT'S HOUSE, SHOWING BED

terrifying as its anger. The queen and the court rode about the city that night to view the illuminations, escorted by Hussars and the Guard of Honor.

On the next day, Wednesday, I saw the histor-



A WELL-TO-DO DUTCH FARMER

ical cortege, designed to commemorate the dead glories of Holland, and consisting of a half dozen wagons, upon which were mounted living tableaux, and men afoot costumed in the war dress and armed with the clumsy weapons employed in the old wars of the Dutch. I wondered at the muscular power and intrepidity which must have directed such crude implements to end any battle decisively.

The queen made her final public appearance for the time on that evening, when she witnessed the pyrotechnic spectacle on the River Y, which forms the northern boundary of Amsterdam. It was a novel enough display; the four large vessels in midstream being outlined with lights from water-line to topmast, and the fireworks paralleling in excellence those which illuminated the birth night

of Greater New York. The following day she departed to make her state entry into The Hague.

It is over. Wilhelmina is queen; but Amsterdam will not have regained its normal respiration for a month. The occasion was in itself impressive, a girl of eighteen invested with regal power over a nation of five millions. By the charm of this very youth and her beauty, which drew to her the affections of a people who regret her German blood and would resent her selection of a German as Prince-consort, the situation is dramatic; for, it is said, she insists upon a plebeian love match. The fetes, the procession, and, climaxing all, the coronation, endowed it with brilliancy and attracted the taste; but, after all, it was wearying—very wearying. I felt a sympathy for one who was to be thrust into a "con-

tinuous performance" of that character. How woful to spend one's days in an immense theater; one's only seclusion being in the vast emptiness, after the players, the music, and the spectators have gone!

The faint echo of the last retreating footstep dies in her ear. The hundred lights go out in an instant. The queen is alone! Weary eyes close thankfully for one brief moment, and then open again to survey the vast scene by the one dim light remaining. There are the same high walls draped with gorgeous hangings; gilded chairs, marvels of the artist's creation and the artisan's execution, are here and there, as though no human ghost had ever filled one; the yielding carpets, which seem to retard the royal tread to weary it the more; a scented kerchief, dropped by some

fastidious dame of the court lies upon the floor; all things as they were an hour since, and what a poor, weak glory do they signify, now that she looks upon them in darkness and in silence.

To lose one's identity for a day—what joy! Impossible! She rises, turns about and enters the bedchamber, where the maids are awaiting. As it swings to the great door creaks upon its hinges and murmurs the words that ring in her ears:

"Tired—so very, very tired!"

JOHN GIBLON.

EASTWARD IN EDEN

EASTWARD in Eden, as the day of rest
Upon our life primeval waned to shade,
The angel sleep 'mid groves of cypress made
Nature's divine nepenthe. She expressed
And mingled all oblivion's herbs; then, lest
Their charm should fail, or mortal be afraid
Of that he most desired, she lightly laid
Poppies upon his eyes and in his breast.
Now, soft descending like a halcyon came
Her other self, winged also for flight:
Both had the Orient in their eyes of flame,
And hair that crowned them with the coils of
night.
They two in dreams smiled on man's fitful
breath.
For they were Sleep and her twin spirit, Death.

HENRY TYRRELL

THE TREBLE NOTE

AS IN a chorus or in an orchestra the highest note is the most conspicuous, and, weak though it is, bears the burden of the tune, which might be lost to the common ear if it dipped lower, so the soprano note carries—and you hear it—over the noisy annals of recorded time. The laugh of women is not the loudest of sounds, but it is the most audible; it takes the treble.

Above the sound of battles and of counsels, and even fitting higher than the preaching of the Fourth Century, which keeps alive the memory of its importunity, that laughter remains in the mind's ear. We should not know how invincible and untimely it was in Constantinople in the time of St. Chrysostom, if that eloquent doctor had not rebuked it in a sermon. But because he did so rebuke it, and did allow us to hear such a small bird twittering amid his thunderstorm, it is there still, when the thunder itself is now but indefinitely loud. Women, he avers, laughed even in church, though they so loved a sermon. Outbreaks of acclamation cut the preacher's phrase, even as you may still hear a churchful of Roman women interrupt a friar; but if they were not interested, or the preacher happened not to be the Golden-Mouth, the women of Constantinople laughed together over their own affairs. He reproves them, and less temperately, for the less amiable clamor that told the whole street when a shrieking mistress was beating a screaming maid; but that unseemly sound is drowned in the general noise of the city; it is the laugh that remains for us, readers of St. Chrysostom, because it floats the best, and keeps higher. It is quite impersonal, and merely the laugh of a sex, but it is better so than if we heard it in detail.

She who laughed in the young capital of the old empire was not a very responsible person. St. Chrysostom himself recommends, for the dignity of man, that she should not be married with a fortune. "Even without a dowry," he says, "women abound with pride, and are prone to vainglory; but with such an occasion how are they to be borne? The object of marriage is not to fill our houses with war and battle—and yet how many, after entering into rich alliances, have daily quarrels over their table! Your own servants, too, permit themselves free speech as



ARCH AT AMSTERDAM, TO REPRESENT THE OLD
"VEILJE"

to the fortunes of master and mistress: 'Look at him; he was some time a beggar, with hardly a rag to cover him; he and his parents were the scum of the earth; all the money belongs to my mistress.' Though you hear this, it does not move you, because you have not the soul of a gentleman."

But, though thus contemptuous, St. Chrysostom is forbearing. Even if a wife should taunt her husband with the better fortune of his neighbor, and should speak desperately of the white mules and the gold of the neighbor's wife, the husband must not beat her, but soothe her down, considering that she is somewhat "flustered." If she will not give up the stibium for her eyes or the paint for her face, "Do not terrify her," says the saint. "Do not threaten her; be persuasive; tell her she appears less lovely when thus tampered with. Ask her if she wishes to look young, and assure her this is the quickest way to look old. Then, finally, come down on her with the warnings of Scripture. You may speak once and again, and she be invincible; yet do not desist." This is, needless to say, spoken for the discipline of men. He is not quite so considerate when it is the wife's turn to have a sermon, but she is irresponsible in her revenge. From the grave orchestra of that century and city a laugh takes wing, and its flight never grows tired.

Not only have we no desire to hear the jokes, we do not think there were any of any importance. The women who were to be considered and spared because they were somewhat "flustered" did not laugh at jokes. A woman's laugh would not be so light-hearted or so punctual if it depended upon a sense of humor. It is somewhat between a child's laughter and a man's, but most like a child's. At almost every stage of his early years a child laughs for mere movement, and not for comedy or derision at all. A little humor there may be, in the earlier sense of the word. He laughs at the humors and antics of a rather elder or rather more enterprising child; but always from gaiety, and for interior reasons of abounding breath and blood. What we now understand by humor is not a young incident. The character, the habits, the whims at which we laugh are matters of years. Something like a lifetime is needed to reckon with

them, to repeat them, to prove them incorrigible. Accordingly, the chief humorous figures in literature are men, tried and proved by time in their singularities. Harpagon, the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, my Uncle Goby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Micawber, the uncle in the "Wrong Box," Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Major Pendennis, the "mechanical old man" in "Rhoda Fleming"—time and old age are essential to all these; and, moreover, a certain time and age are needful for those who read of them.

If humor is not young, neither, we have been often told, is it feminine. And though this saying may be a hard one for women to bear, there is some compensation in the fact that the aloofness from humor that is laid to their charge has kept their laughter light. Uncritical it may be, but it is never intemperate. The woman who has an abnormal sense of humor may laugh more wisely, but she does not laugh that treble note which flies so long.

The woman with an abnormal sense of humor might not have found anything to laugh at in St. Chrysostom's church in the Fourth Century in Constantinople. But then neither would she have harassed her husband with comparisons between her own equipage and the superior white mules and harness of her friends. She might have borne her human share of fortune without finding in a dowry an irresistible occasion of vainglory; she would not have been so easily "flustered." Altogether it is impossible not to charge St. Chrysostom with some of the responsibility for that recorded laughter—the responsibility which she who was not to be married with a dowry, she who was to be spared when she was flustered, she who beat her maids, with outcries, was surely not to be asked to bear.

Granted, then, that an average woman has small sense of humor, she still owes her laugh to the humorists—even to the unsuccessful. It is a positive debt. If she were held to the duty of criticism it would be otherwise; but as it is she is committed to nothing. Her laugh is no evidence in the contention of humor and wit; and it is but just that in this, too, public opinion should relieve her of responsibility. For nothing but an unexpected silence or a half-hearted smile should she be held really answerable. If she were to enter upon the way of criticism, she would be more or less unready; it might be necessary to explain things to her, which confessedly would be very dull.

Besides, the laugh of judgment and criticism is also apt to be, on fit occasion, also a laugh too much from the heart; it takes deeper tones, and is no longer the treble note, undrowned. Some women of the Fourth Century laughed, St. Chrysostom says, "always." It is precisely because of this complaint that, as it were, we hear them in the Nineteenth. No men who invent the jokes may laugh at them the profound laugh of appreciation; women, if they would be kind, must be more impartial.

A feminine laugh, too, has to be decorative, and so it should be the laugh of gaiety rather than of humor. There can hardly be a question as to the sweetest laugh to be heard among nations of women—it is surely the Frenchwoman's. She has the softest warble of all. If doves were not so serious they might remind us of Parisian women laughing together. The Italian laugh is happy enough, but it is not quite so independent of the subject of laughter; it has a jollity all its own. It is somewhat uncivilized, but needs no civilizing. But its principal characteristic is the contralto tone proper to the woman who is to the last somewhat of a peasant. The laughter of Englishwomen is too various for any brief description. For Englishwomen laugh, not according to their race, but according to their caste, as caste has lately been revised and redistributed. It may be said that in caste also the treble note, the ready, the immediate, flits up to its own place—the top—and is audible there, for all its slender quality.

ALICE MEYNELL.



HOLLAND FISHERMEN AND FISH WOMEN IN THEIR WORKING COSTUMES



DINNER-TIME IN ROUGH RIDERS' CAMP



THE COOK-HOUSE—A FIRE IN A TRENCH

MUSTERING OUT THE ROUGH RIDERS

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK, LONG ISLAND, September 15, 1898

LUCKY the militiamen whose date of discharge has been deferred to the end of a month or two months' furlough!

Of course they grumble about their withheld pay, but then they would not be soldiers if they did not growl. While these bearded pards are engaged in the pleasant pastime of mouthing strange oaths and picking quick and sudden quarrels, their officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, have ample leisure to straighten out all records and finish the manifold reports and inventories demanded by the officials of the War Department, who spin the endless web of red tape that enmeshes our Secretaries of War. Then there is the more or less alluring final prospect of a grand mustering-out review, to be followed by the locally more stirring pageant of the regiments' return home.

Exit the soldier with colors flying and a farewell flourish of drums and bugles!

Behind the scenes of this tableau stands the throng of the hundred thousand luckless fellows, who, having volunteered for the war alone, are held down, willy-nilly, to their full two years' service, with nothing but the poet's consolation: "They also serve who only stand and wait." Still further in the background is the more resigned host of our regular soldiers, who will leave the service only after their full years' term, each man to take his discharge and go his way alone just as he came, while his officers settle down to win their slow steps by the tedious service of a lifetime.

At best it is a sorry spectacle to see any close-knit body of men disband—be it a regiment, a ship's company, a class of students or fellow-workers in any joint enterprise. If it so happens that everything has to be wound up at short shrift, the final dissolution, with its hurried partings and tragic-comical incidents, is apt to resemble a rout.

Such was the first and last rout of Roosevelt's

Rough Riders, this mid-September, during the very days when General Miles and the hospitable citizens of New York were planning to end the week with a grand metropolitan review of all the available troops returning from their victories in Cuba and Puerto Rico, among them the colored troopers and their friends, the "irregular cavalry of the west."

For four weeks, ever since the regiment had returned to God's own country to fall a prey to the mysterious maladies of Montauk, rumors reached the camp that the volunteers were to be mustered out *next week*. On Tuesdays "General Mango's" rumor-mongers said it was to be next Saturday, and on Saturdays "Colonel Coconut" always countermanded the order to *next Tuesday*.

Incidentally there came conflicting reports of dreaded dress inspections or mounted parades to be held either in Washington or New York, with the hateful prospect of reshipping our tired horses southward in cattle cars. In the meanwhile the ranks were depleted by furloughs, sick-leaves, and invalids sent to the hospital, until at last the camp seemed to be made up only of stragglers doing duty as horseguard and troop clerks. Upon these few men, of course, devolved all the work left undone by the others. On the other hand, every officer, from the colonel and his adjutant down to the first sergeant and non-commissioned clerk of each troop, was working furiously to get things into order for the final day of reckoning. Colonel Roosevelt, during these trying days, wore out several relays of secretaries and regimental clerks, and even the colonel's wonderful fund of energy was only preserved by his daily ride to the beach with the surf bath and boyish fun that was bound to follow after.

At last, on the Saturday that the President issued his order that all the volunteers of the Fifth Army Corps were to be mustered out, came the announcement that the First Volunteer Cavalry regiment would surely be disbanded next Thursday. Then came the hurry and scurry of the

returning absentees, armed with physicians' certificates, or equally credible affidavits, explaining their delinquencies, entering into the confusion occasioned by the minutely tabulated return of all government property, comprising the troop horses and accouterments, as well as our miserable mess-kits, with rusty spoons and bent forks, originally valued at one cent each. Army surgeons, worn out from long-continued hospital service, were suddenly overwhelmed by the prescribed medical examinations of all enlisted officers and men, calling for a painstaking analytical diagnosis of the state of health of each case, any error in which might have far-reaching results on possible pension claims of the future. After passing the medical examination, every man was required to sign some half dozen voluminous documents affecting his discharge, while government accountants and appraisers were busily engaged in estimating the widely differing sums of money to be allowed on the score of individual transportation, incidental rations, clothing accounts, and troop horses bought in by their former riders.

The fateful Thursday, which had been announced as the last official mustering-out date, was still two days ahead, when McGinty, Oklahoma's best bronco buster, summoned me out to the horse lines to show me an animal that had just been presented to him by our major. He offered me the privilege of riding him through the length of Long Island to New York when the time should come for going home. He himself had agreed to ride the colonel's horse to Oyster Bay, and another horse beyond that point. Several of the Eastern Rough Riders, who wanted to take their horses to various hunting stables or polo grounds around New York were to take the same journey. Three belonged to our troop besides McGinty, and all were good fellows, so that it came hard to refuse. Tactfully McGinty changed the subject.

"Have you seen the iron horse they're going to give the colonel?"



THE ROUGH RIDERS IN LINE—COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN FRONT AT RIGHT CENTER

"No."
 "Wal, you had ought to. He's a pitcher for fair."
 "How big is he?" I asked, with growing curiosity.

"Oh, he ain't no bigger than a prairie dog," said McGinty, with a shade of contempt, adding contritely, "but he's all there, saddle, cinch, and all, and the man is riding him all right, with a rope bridle and one stirrup."

It dawned upon me that this might be Remington's statuette of a cowboy, which was to be given to Colonel Roosevelt as a parting present.

While I was still telling McGinty some stories of Remington the bugles sounded for assembly. We hurried to our troop quarters in time to get into line, and were promptly marched off to the open space between our camp and headquarters. There we formed in a hollow square, facing inward upon our officers, while several hundred of the darky troopers of the Ninth and Tenth lined up behind us. The word was passed along that the iron horse was to be given away, and presently Trooper Murphy pushed his way through the square, carrying in his arms an irregular shaped object folded up in a horse blanket. He dumped it on a box in front of the officers and then addressed them in an all but inaudible voice, explaining the reasons why the troopers as a body had preferred to make a gift to Colonel Roosevelt unaided by the officers. The officers did not seem to mind, the more so as it was understood that some of them had chipped in after all. Then the horse blanket was plucked away, revealing the sculptor's spirited creation of an unmistakably bucking broncho, ridden by a true enough cowboy, correct down to the smallest accessories. There was an involuntary burst of applause—the most sincere appreciation an artist ever got from the very best of critics.

Fourth stepped Colonel Roosevelt, and his clear voice rang out as inspiring as ever on the battlefield. When he laid his hand fondly on the statuette, every man felt that the iron horse was to him a horse indeed. When he turned to the bunch of officers and told them that he would have appreciated such a gift from them, a vague feeling ran through the lines that a horrible mistake had been committed; but when he turned back to the troopers and said that coming from them he appreciated the gift tenfold, a thousand rancors and jealousies of the past were swallowed up in the pride of the moment. When he spoke of what had been done by the West and the pioneers from the West, the big strapping fellows of the four Territories seemed to grow in size, while all the smart clubmen and college athletes from the North, with the riding gentlemen from the South, felt themselves shrinking in their uniforms, until, by the turn of a sentence, Colonel Roosevelt brought it home to his listeners that the regiment's greatest glory was lack of sectionalism.

"You are not like other volunteers, the representatives of a locality limited in area as well as character. Ours is an American regiment, representative of the whole country and of the best that has been put into it by all the races, all the nationalities, and all the creeds that have combined to create it. . . . You have done your best, and it was what I expected of you. As you know, I have never hesitated to make you shed your blood like water, if our country demanded it, nor would I hesitate to do so again."

Once more, though for the last time, this magnetic man held his regiment in the hollow of his hand.

The pent-up feeling found vent when the speaker



COLONEL ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING THE REGIMENT

gave expression to the emotions so long cherished by every member of his command toward the last regiments of the line—our negro soldiers.

"I see many men about us," he said, "who are not, strictly speaking, of our number. I refer to the troopers of the cavalry regiments who were at our right and left flanks at Las Guasimas, El Caney and San Juan, the Ninth and Tenth Troopers. (Wild cheering.)"

"The Spaniards called them 'Smoked Yankees,' but we found them to be an excellent breed of Yankee. I am sure that I speak the sentiment of my men and officers when I say that between us and these other cavalry regiments there is a tie which we trust will never be broken."

The cheers that followed this part of the speech left no doubt concerning the existence of the sentiment referred to.

At the end, when Colonel Roosevelt asked that the members of each troop shake hands with him in turn, in lieu of other farewells, everybody suddenly realized that the day of parting was at hand. Each man, as he heard the colonel call him by his first or nickname, or the still more familiar "good-by, old man," tried to crowd into a sentence what would not go into a book, and so the line passed on until each troop filed away into quarters.

Shortly after nightfall, at the time when the long-drawn bugle call for taps formerly sent men to their beds, great bonfires were seen flaring up near the mess-quarters of the four first troops that had succeeded in getting mustered out ahead of the rest. Presently, one bonfire, near the head of the camp, having absorbed most of the fuel, the clans from the different troop streets gathered around it in greater numbers to listen to the deep-throated songs of some of the men from the Indian Territory.

The appearance of Rattlesnake Pete, the Sioux, and Polluck, the Pawnee, in the ring around the fire, called for something livelier than songs. In response to a general stamping of feet and blood-

curdling warwhoops, Rattlesnake Pete condescended to treat the crowd to the Sioux stamp dance, signifying the hardening of the ground when the rains let up in spring. All those that could lay claim to having seen the dance, as it is danced by Sioux bucks, joined in the ceremony.

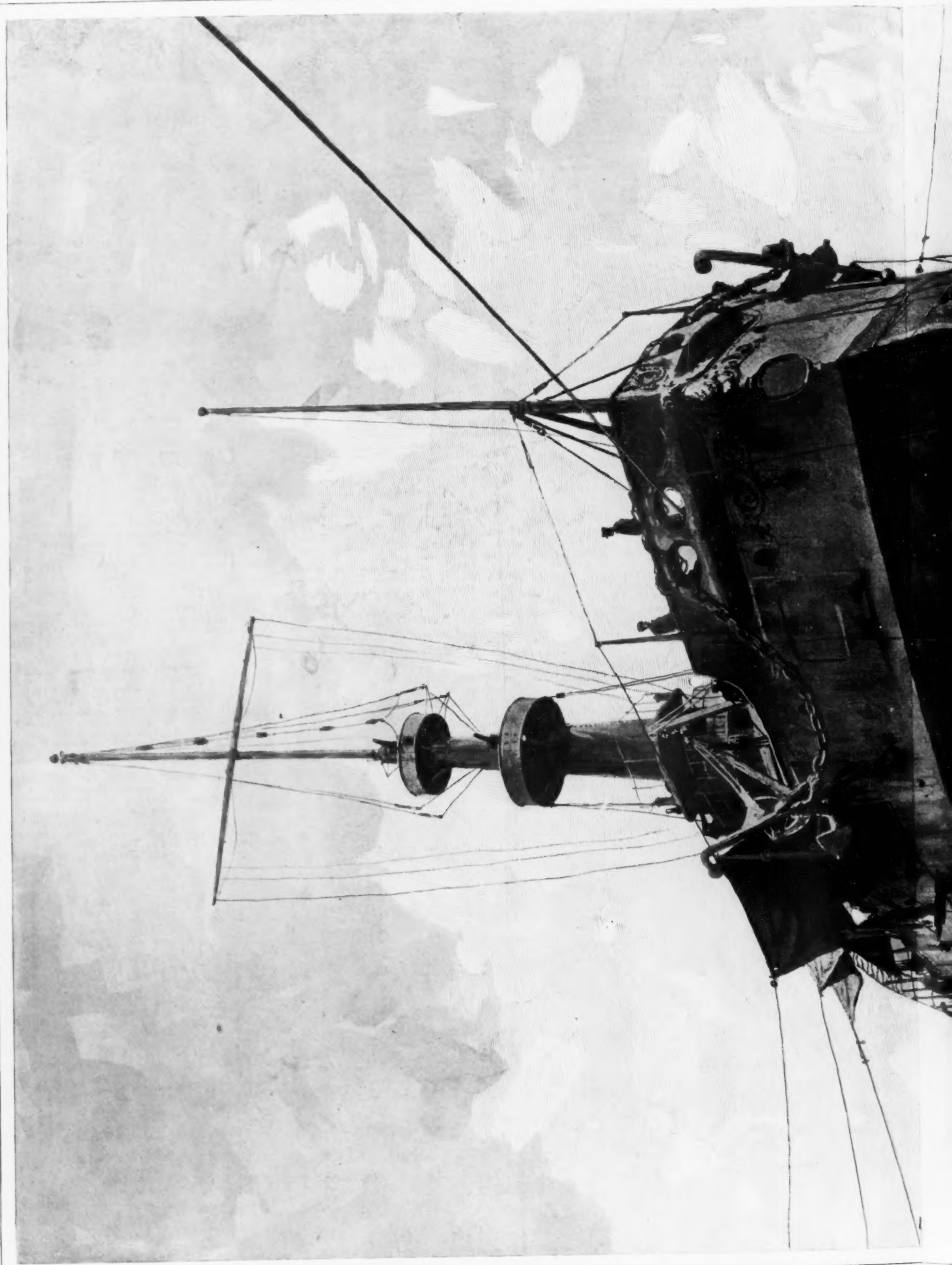
The sound of this revelry brought Levi Jones, the Cherokee, and McMichael, the Apache, out of their tents, as well as several others, whose features and straight black hair were living tokens of the Indian blood still flowing in their veins. With the help of these and other experts, the crowd of yelling rough riders was treated to the snake dance of the Apaches, with army belts serving for the rattlesnakes that should be carried in the hands of the dancers. One rough rider there was in particular, of undisputed white descent, but arrayed in a pair of pink drawers which might do credit to the taste of any savage brave, who did this part of the gawdies dance so well that even Apache-Michael grunted his approval. Then came a war dance led by Cherokee Jones, and the Moqui smoke dance, the dance of harvest and peace, in which the dancers smoke pipes and leave long trails of smoke behind them as they circle around. This was a trick every rough rider felt himself competent to do, so it was not long before the whole crowd, with corn-cob pipes between their clinched teeth, and hugging blankets of all descriptions, were hopping madly about the fire, barking the long-drawn ulullu of the Moqui like so many moon-struck dogs.

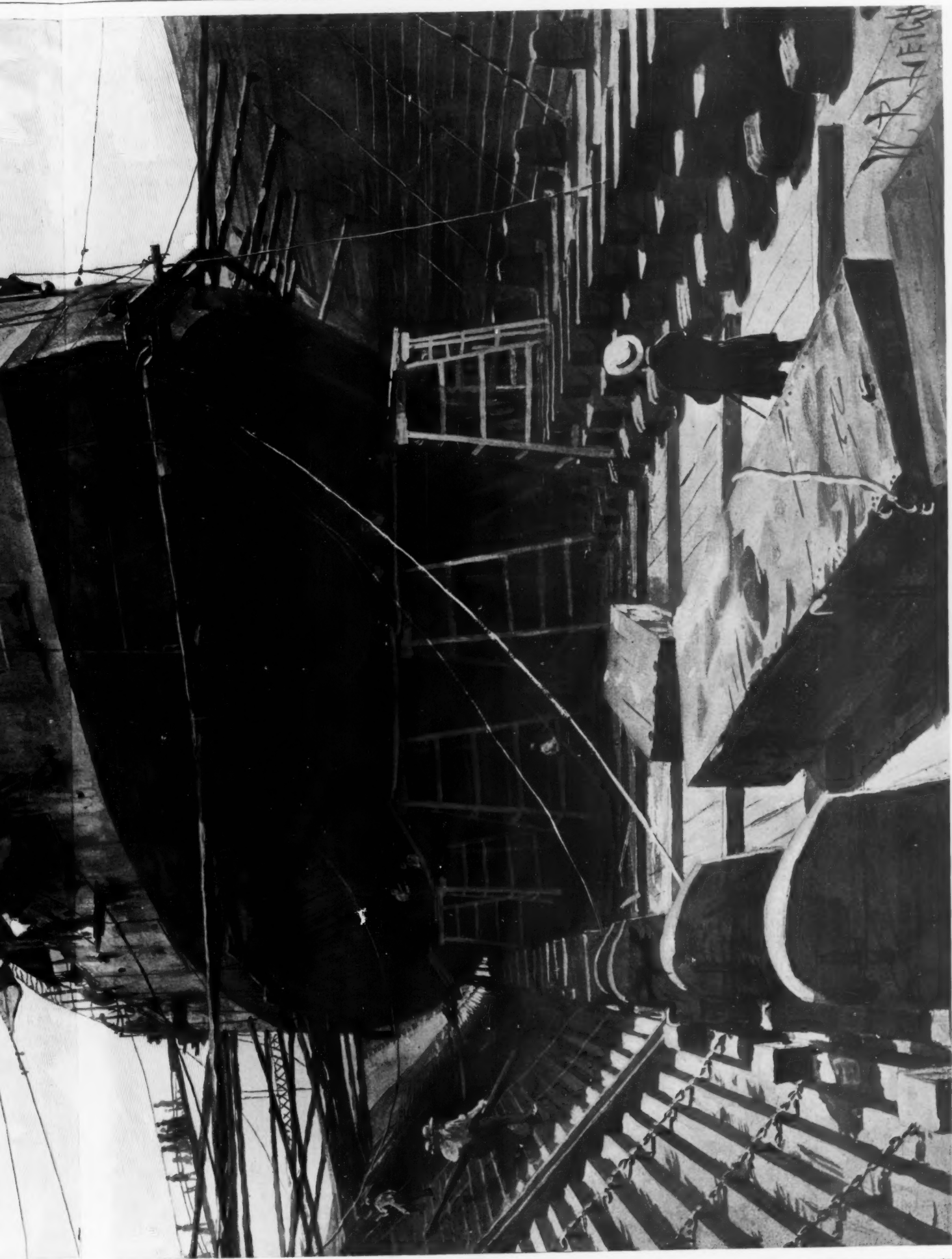
Next morning, notwithstanding the late revels, all hands were up early to catch the first train to New York. The farewell impression of camp and of their soldier's life that the departing volunteers carried away with them was the cheerful function of breakfast, when all the familiar figures emerged from their tents once more at mess call and lined up at their troop kitchens to get their tin cups filled with ink-black coffee for the last time.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



ROUGH RIDERS IN COLUMN—COLONEL ROOSEVELT (IN WHITE) ON FLANK

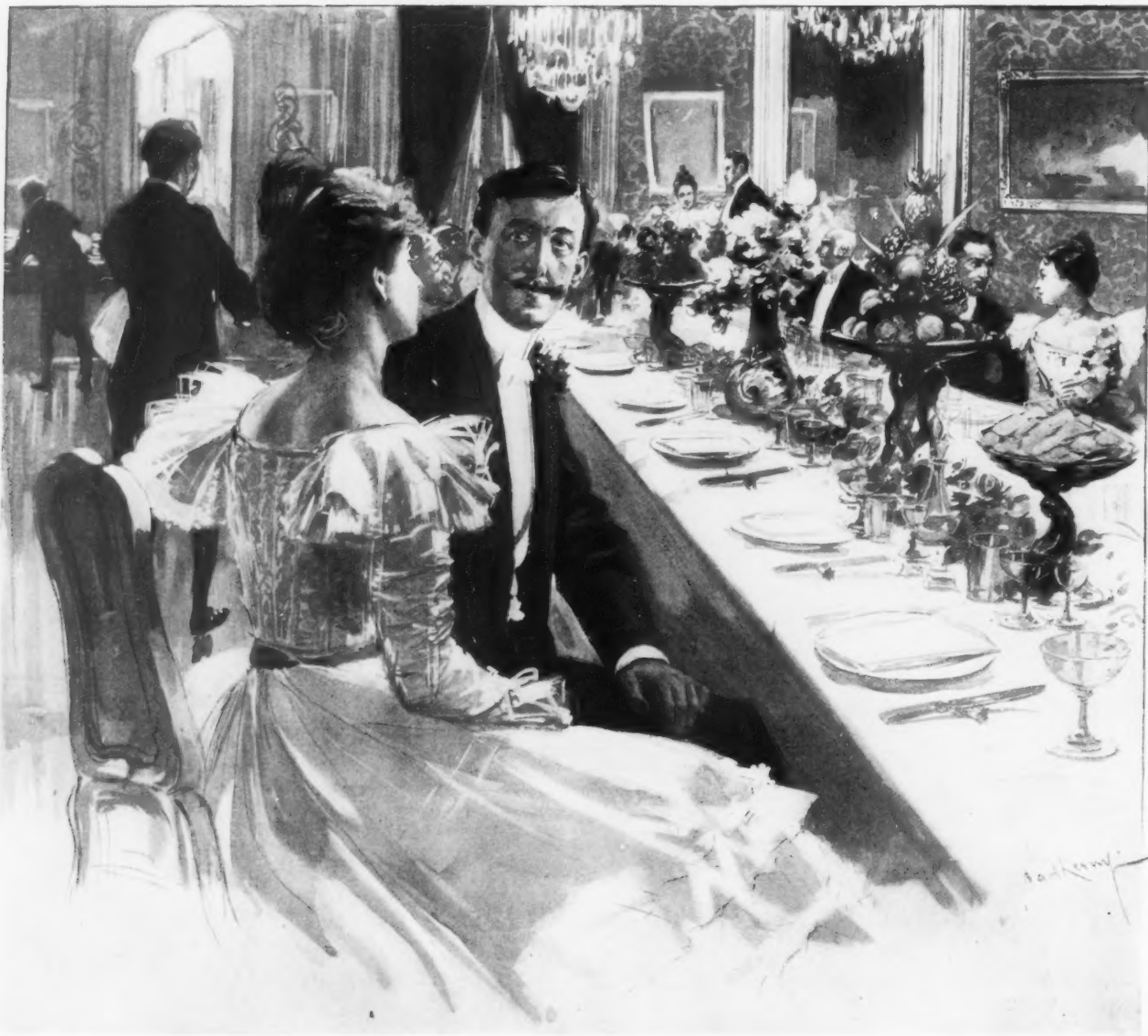




BATTLESHIP "MASSACHUSETTS" IN DRY-DOCK, BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH

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"ARE YOU AFRAID OF BURGLARS?"

ADVENTURES OF A. J. RAFFLES—III

By E. W. HORNUNG

GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS

IHAD gone to Lord's cricket ground to see Raffles perform prodigies in the annual battle between the Gentlemen and the Players, and I had seen him dismissed for one run. From the seat in which he had left me in front of the pavilion, I had witnessed his inglorious return from the wicket, and was prepared for him to rejoin me in no angelic mood. It was some time, however, before he came near me; and he seemed quite to have recovered from his discomfiture when at length I saw him beckoning me from the palings to the right.

"Want to introduce you to Lord Amersteth," he whispered when I joined him. "They've a cricket week on next month, when Viscount Crowley comes of age, and we've both got to go down and play."

"Both!" I echoed. "But I'm no cricketer!" "Shut up!" said Raffles. "Leave that to me. I've been lying for all I'm worth," he added, sepulchrally, as we reached the bottom of the steps. "I trust to you, Bunny, not to give the show away."

There was the gleam in his eye that I knew elsewhere, but was unprepared for in those particular surroundings; and it was with very definite misgivings and surmises that I followed Raffles through the vast flower-bed of hats and bonnets that bloomed in the Ladies' Inclosure where Lord Amersteth sat.

His Lordship was a fine-looking man, with a short mustache and a double chin. He received me with much dry courtesy, through which,

however, it was not difficult to read a less flattering tale. I was accepted as the inevitable appendage of the invaluable Raffles, with whom I felt sufficiently incensed as I made my bow.

"I have been bold enough," said Lord Amersteth, "to ask one of the Gentlemen of England to come down and play some rustic cricket for us next month. He is kind enough to say that he would have liked nothing better, but for this little fishing expedition of yours, Mr. —, Mr. —." And Lord Amersteth succeeded in remembering my name.

It was, of course, the first I had ever heard of that fishing expedition, but I made haste to say that it could easily, and should certainly, be put off. Raffles gleamed approval through his eyelashes. Lord Amersteth bowed and shrugged.

"You're very good, I'm sure," said he. "But I understand you're a cricketer yourself?"

"He was one at school," said Raffles, with infamous readiness.

"Not a real cricketer," I was stammering meanwhile.

"In the Eleven?" said Lord Amersteth.

"I'm afraid not," said I.

"But only just out of it," declared Raffles, to my horror.

"Well, well, we can't all be Gentlemen of England," said Lord Amersteth, slyly. "My son Crowley only just scraped into the Eleven at Harrow, and he's going to play. I may even come in myself at a pinch; so you won't be the only duffer, if you are one, and I shall be very glad if you will come down and help us too. You shall flog a stream before breakfast and after dinner, if you like."

"I should be very proud," I was beginning, as the mere prelude to resolute excuses; but the eye of Raffles opened wide upon me; and I hesitated weakly, and was lost.

"Then that's settled," said Lord Amersteth,

with the slightest suspicion of grimness. "It's to be a little week, you know, when my son comes of age. We play the Free Foresters, the Dorsetshire Gentlemen, and probably some local lot as well. But Mr. Raffles will tell you all about it, and Crowley shall write. Another wicket! By Jove, they're all out! Then I rely on you both." And, with a little nod, Lord Amersteth rose and sidled to the gangway.

Raffles rose also, but I caught the sleeve of his blazer.

"What are you thinking of?" I whispered savagely. "I was nowhere near the school Eleven. I'm no sort of cricketer. I shall have to get out of this!"

"Not you," he whispered back. "You needn't play, but come you must. If you wait for me after half-past six, I'll tell you why."

But I could guess the reason; and I am ashamed to say that it revolted me much less than the notion of making a public fool of myself on a cricket field. My gorge rose at this as it no longer rose at crime, and it was in no tranquil humor that I strolled about the ground while Raffles disappeared in the pavilion. Nor was my annoyance lessened by a little meeting I witnessed between Viscount Crowley (whom I knew by sight) and his father, who shrugged as he stopped and stooped to convey some information, which made the young man look a little blank. It may have been pure self-consciousness on my part, but I could have sworn that the trouble was their inability to secure the great Raffles without his insignificant friend.

I took but little interest in the remainder of the day's play, and when it was over, was thankful to get away as soon as possible with Raffles in a hansom. To my surprise, I found him anything but flattered by the invitation which he had himself accepted for us both.

"Confound their impudence!" he cried.

"Nothing riles me more than being asked about for my cricket as though I were a professional player."

"Then why on earth go?"

"To punish them, and—because we shall be jolly hard up, Bunny, before the season's over."

"Ah!" said I. "I thought it was that."

"Of course it was! It seems they're going to have the very devil of a week of it—balls, dinner-parties, swagger house-party, general junketings, and obviously a houseful of diamonds as well. Diamonds galore! As a general rule nothing would induce me to abuse my position as a guest. I've never done it, Bunny. But in this case we're engaged like the waiters and the band, and by God we'll take our toll! Let's have a quiet dinner somewhere and talk it over."

"It seems rather a vulgar sort of theft," I remarked. And to this, my single protest, Raffles instantly assented.

"It is a vulgar sort," said he; "but I can't help that. We're getting vulgarly hard up again, and there's an end on't. Besides, these people deserve it, and can afford it. And don't you run away with the idea that all will be plain sailing? Nothing will be easier than getting some stuff, and nothing harder than avoiding all suspicion, as, of course, we must. We may come away with nothing better than a good working plan of the premises. Who knows? In any case there's weeks of thinking in it for you and me."

But with those weeks I will not weary you further than by remarking that the "thinking" was done entirely by Raffles, who did not always trouble to communicate his thoughts to me. His reticence, however, was no longer an irritant. I began to accept it as a necessary convention of these little enterprises. And, after our last adventure of the kind, more especially after its denouement, my trust in Raffles was much too solid to be shaken by a want of trust in me, which I still believe to have been more the instinct of the criminal than the judgment of the man.

It was on Monday, the 10th of August, that we were due at Milchester Abbey, Dorsetshire; and the beginning of the month found us cruising about that very county, with fly-rods actually in our hands. The idea was that we should acquire at once a local reputation as decent fishermen and some knowledge of the countryside, with a view to further and more deliberate operations in the event of an unprofitable week. There was another idea which Raffles kept to himself until he had got me down there. Then one day he produced a cricket-ball in a meadow where we were crossing, and threw me catches for an hour together. More hours he spent in bowling to me on the nearest green; and, if I was never a cricketer, at least I came nearer to being one, by the end of that week, than I ever was before or since.

Incident began early on the Monday. We had sallied forth from a desolate little junction within quite a few miles of Milchester, had been caught in a shower, and had run for shelter to a wayside inn. A florid, overdressed man was drinking in the parlor, and I could have sworn it was at the sight of him that Raffles recoiled on the threshold, and afterward insisted on returning to the station through the rain. He assured me, however, that the odor of stale ale had almost knocked him down. And I had to make what I could of his speculative, downcast eyes and knitted brows.

Milchester Abbey is a gray, quadrangular pile, deepset in rich woody country, and twinkling with triple rows of quaint windows, every one of which seemed alight as we drove up just in time to dress for dinner. The carriage had whirled us under I know not how many triumphal arches in process of construction, and past the tents and flagpoles of a juicy-looking cricket-field, on which Raffles undertook to bowl up to his reputation. But the chief signs of festival were within, where we found an enormous house-party assembled, including more persons of pomp, majesty and dominion than I had ever encountered in one room before. I confess I felt overpowered. Our errand and my own pretenses combined to rob me of an address on which I have sometimes plumed myself; and I have a grim recollection of my nervous relief when dinner was at last announced. I little knew what an ordeal it was to prove!

I had taken in a much less formidable young lady than might have fallen to my lot. Indeed, I began by blessing my good fortune in this respect. Miss Melhuish was merely the rector's daughter, and she had only been asked to make an even number. She suddenly asked me, in a sensational whisper, whether I could keep a secret. I said I thought I might, whereupon another question followed, in a still lower and more sensational tone:

"Are you afraid of burglars?"

Burglars! I was roused at last. The word was like a shot to me. I repeated it in horrified query.

"So I've found something to interest you at last!" said Miss Melhuish, in naive triumph. "Yes—burglars! But don't speak so loud. It's supposed to be kept a great secret. I really oughtn't to tell you at all!"

"But what is there to tell?" I whispered, with satisfactory impatience.

"They've been seen. In the district. Two well-known London thieves!"

Two! I looked at Raffles. I had looked at him often during the evening, envying him his high

spirits, his iron nerve, his buoyant wit, his perfect ease and self-possession. But now I pitied him; through all my own terror and consternation, I pitied him as he sat eating and drinking, and laughing and talking, without a cloud of fear or of embarrassment on his handsome, charming, daredevil face. I caught at my champagne and emptied the glass.

"Who has seen them?" I then asked calmly.

"A detective. They were traced down from town a few days ago. They are believed to have designs on the Abbey."

"But why aren't they run in?"

"Exactly what I asked papa on the way here this evening; he says there is no warrant out against the men at present, and all that can be done is to watch their movements."

"Oh! so they are being watched?"

"Yes, by a detective who is down here on purpose. And I heard Lord Amersteth tell papa that they had been seen this afternoon at Warbeck Junction!"

The very place where Raffles and I had been caught in the rain! Our stampede from the inn was now explained; on the other hand, I was no longer to be taken by surprise by anything that my companion might have to tell me; and I succeeded in looking her in the face with a smile.

"This is really quite exciting, Miss Melhuish," said I. "May I ask how you come to know so much of such a thrilling business?"

"It's papa," was the confidential reply. "Lord Amersteth consulted him, and he consulted me. But for Heaven's sake don't let it get about! I can't think what tempted me to tell you!"

"You may trust me, Miss Melhuish. But—aren't you frightened?"

Miss Melhuish giggled.

"Not a bit! They won't come to the rectory. There's nothing for them there. But look round the table: look at the diamonds: look at old Lady Melrose's necklace alone!"

The Dowager Marchioness of Melrose was one of the few persons whom it had been unnecessary to point out to me. She sat on Lord Amersteth's right, flourishing her ear-trumpet, and drinking champagne with her usual notorious freedom, as dissipated and kindly a dame as the world has ever seen. It was a necklace of diamonds and sapphires, that rose and fell about her ample neck.

"They say it's worth five thousand pounds at least," continued my companion. "Lady Margaret told me so this morning (that's Lady Margaret Amersteth next your Mr. Raffles, you know); and the old dear will wear them every night. Think what a haul they would be! No; we don't feel in immediate danger at the rectory."

I spare you my feelings of the next two hours. I tried hard to get a word with Raffles, but again and again I failed. In the dining-room he and Crowley lighted their cigarettes with the same match, and had their heads together all the time. In the dressing-room I had the mortification of hearing him talk interminable nonsense into the ear-trumpet of Lady Melrose, whom he knew in town. Lastly, in the billiard-room, they had a great and lengthy pool, while I sat aloof and chafed more than ever in the company of a very serious Scotchman, who had arrived since dinner, and who would talk of nothing but the recent improvements in instantaneous photography. He had not come to play in the cricket matches (he told me), but to obtain for Lord Amersteth such a series of cricket photographs as had never been taken before; whether as an amateur or a professional photographer I was unable to determine. I remember, however, seeking distraction in little bursts of resolute attention to the conversation of this bore. And so at last the long ordeal ended; glasses were emptied, men said good-night, and I followed Raffles to his room.

"It's all up!" I gasped, as he turned up the gas and I shut the door. "We're being watched. We've been followed down from town. There's a detective here on the spot!"

"How do you know?" asked Raffles, turning upon me quite sharply, but without the least dismay. And I told him how I knew.

"Of course," I added, "it was the fellow we saw in the inn this afternoon."

"The detective?" cried Raffles. "Do you mean to say you don't know a detective when you see one, Bunny?"

"If that wasn't the fellow, which is?"

Raffles shook his head.

"To think that you've been talking to him for the last hour in the billiard-room, and couldn't spot what he was!"

"That Scotch photographer—"

I paused aghast.

"Scotch he is," said Raffles, "and photographer he may be. He is also Inspector Mackenzie of Scotland Yard—the very man I sent the message to that night last April. And you couldn't spot who he was in a whole hour! Oh, Bunny, Bunny, you were never built for Crime!"

"But," said I, "if that was Mackenzie, who was the fellow you bolted from at Warbeck?"

"The man he's watching."

"But he's watching us!"

Raffles looked at me with a pitying eye, and shook his head again before handing me his open cigarette-case.

"I don't know whether smoking's forbidden in one's bedroom, but you'd better take one of these and stand tight, Bunny, because I'm going to say something offensive."

I helped myself with a laugh.

"Say what you like, my dear fellow, if it really isn't you and I that Mackenzie's after."

"Well, then, it isn't, and it couldn't be, and nobody but a born Bunny would suppose for a moment that it was! Do you seriously think he would sit there and knowingly watch his man playing pool under his nose? Well, he might; he's a cool hand, Mackenzie; but I'm not cool enough to win a pool under such conditions. At least I don't think I am; it would be interesting to see. The situation wasn't free from strain as it was, though I knew he wasn't thinking of us. Crowley told me all about it after dinner, you see, and then I'd seen one of the men for myself this afternoon. You thought it was a detective that made me turn tail in the afternoon. I really don't know why I didn't tell you at the time, but it was just the opposite. That loud, red-faced brute is one of the cleverest thieves in London, and I once had a drink with him and our mutual 'fence.' I was an East-ender from tongue to toe at the moment, but you will understand that I don't run unnecessary risks of recognition by a brute like that."

"He's not alone, I hear."

"By no means; there's at least one other man with him; and it's suggested that there may be an accomplice here in the house."

"Did Lord Crowley tell you so?"

"Crowley and the champagne between them. In confidence, of course, just as your girl told you; but even in confidence he never let on about Mackenzie. He told me there was a detective in the background, but that was all. Putting him up as a guest is evidently their big secret, to be kept from the other guests because it might offend them, but more particularly from the servants whom it's doubtless his billet to watch. That's my reading of the situation, Bunny, and you will agree with me that it's infinitely more interesting than we could have imagined it would prove."

"But infinitely more difficult for us," said I, with a sigh of pusillanimous relief. "Our hands are tied for this week, at all events."

"Not necessarily, my dear Bunny, though I admit that the chances are against us. Yet I'm not so sure of that either. There are all sorts of possibilities in these three-cornered combinations. Set A to watch B, and he won't have an eye left for C. That's the obvious theory, but then Mackenzie's a very big A. I should be sorry to have any boodle about me with that man in the house. Yet it would be great to nip in between A and B and score off them both at once! It would be worth a risk, Bunny, to do that; it would be worth risking something merely to take on old hands like B and his men at their own old game! What, Bunny? That would be something like a match. Gentlemen and Players at single wicket, by Jove!"

"My dear Raffles," said I in his very own tone, "you're far too fond of the uphill game; you will eventually fall a victim to the sporting spirit and nothing else. Take a lesson from our last escape, and fly lower as you value our skins. Study the house as much as you like, but do not—go and shove your head into Mackenzie's mouth."

My wealth of metaphor brought him to a standstill, with his cigarette between his fingers and a grin beneath his shining eyes.

"You're quite right, Bunny. I won't. I really won't. Yet—you saw old Lady Melrose's necklace? I've been wanting it for years. But I'm not going to play the fool; honor bright, I'm not; yet—by Jove!—to get to windward of the professors and Mackenzie too! It would be a great game, Bunny, it would be a great game!"

"Well, you mustn't play it this week."

"No, no, I won't. But I wonder how the professors think of going to work? That's what one wants to know. I wonder if they've really got an accomplice in the house? How I wish I knew their game. But it's all right, Bunny; don't you be jealous; it shall be as you wish."

And with that assurance I went off to my own room, and so to bed with an incredibly light heart. I had still enough of the honest man in me to welcome the postponement of our actual felonies, to dread their performance, to deplore their necessity—which is merely another way of stating the too patent fact that I was an incomparably weaker man than Raffles, while every whit as wicked. I had, however, one rather strong point. I possessed the gift of dismissing unpleasant considerations not intimately connected with the passing moment entirely from my mind. Through the exercise of this faculty I had lately been living my frivolous life in town with as much ignoble enjoyment as I had derived from it the year before; and similarly, here at Milchester, in the long-dreaded cricket week, I had after all a quite excellent time.

The week was to end with a trumpery match on the Saturday, which Raffles and I intended abandoning early in order to return to town that night. The match, however, was never played. In the small hours of the Saturday morning a tragedy took place at Milchester Abbey.

Let me tell of the thing as I saw and heard it. My room opened upon the central gallery, and was not even on the same floor as that on which Raffles—and, I think, all the other men—were quartered. I had been put, in fact, into the dressing-room of one of the grand suites, and my too near neighbors were old Lady Melrose and my host and hostess. Now, by the Friday

evening the actual festivities were at an end, and, for the first time that week, I must have been sound asleep since midnight, when all at once I found myself sitting up breathless. A heavy thud had come against my door, and now I heard hard breathing and the dull stamp of muffled feet.

"I've got ye," muttered a voice. "It's no use struggling."

It was the Scotch detective, and a new fear turned me cold. There was no reply, but the hard breathing grew harder still, and the muffled feet beat the floor to a quicker measure. In sudden panic, I leaped out of bed and flung open my door. A light burned low on the landing, and by it I could see Mackenzie swaying and staggering in a silent tussle with some powerful adversary.

"Hold this man!" he cried, as I appeared. "Hold the rascal!"

But I stood like a fool until the pair of them backed into me, when, with a deep breath, I flung myself on the fellow, whose face I had seen at last. He was one of the footmen who waited at table; and no sooner had I pinned him than the detective loosed his hold.

"Hang on to him!" he cried. "There's more of 'em below!"

And he went leaping down the stairs, as other doors opened and Lord Amersteth and his son appeared simultaneously in their pajamas. At that my man ceased struggling; but I was still holding him, when Crowley turned up the gas.

"What the devil's all this?" asked Lord Amersteth, blinking. "Who was that ran down stairs?"

"Mac—Clephane!" said I, hastily.

"Aha!" said he, turning to the footman. "So you're the scoundrel, are you? Well done! Well done! Where was he caught?"

I had no idea.

"Here's Lady Melrose's door open," said Crowley. "Lady Melrose! Lady Melrose!"

"You forget she's deaf," said Lord Amersteth. "Ah! that'll be her maid."

An inner door had opened. Next instant there was a little shriek, and a white figure gesticulated on the threshold:

"Où donc est l'écrin de Madame la Marquise? La fenêtre est ouverte. Il a disparu!"

"Window open and jewel-case gone, by Jove!" exclaimed Lord Amersteth. "Mais comment est Madame la Marquise? Est-elle bien?"

"Oui, milor. Elle dort."

"Sleeps through it all," said my lord. "She's the only one, then!"

"What made Mackenzie—Clephane—bolt?" young Crowley asked me.

"Said there were more of them below."

"Why the devil couldn't you tell us so before?" he cried, and went leaping down the stairs in his turn.

He was followed by nearly all the cricketers, who burst upon the scene in a body, only to desert it for the chase. Raffles was one of them, and I would gladly have been another, had not the footman chosen this moment to hurl me from him, and to make a dash in the direction from which they had come. Lord Amersteth had him in an instant; but the fellow fought desperately, and it took the two of us to drag him downstairs, amid a terrified chorus from half-open doors. Eventually we handed him over to two other footmen, who appeared with their night-shirts tucked into their trousers, and my host was good enough to compliment me as he led the way outside.

"I thought I heard a shot," he added. "Did you?"

"I thought I heard three."

And out we dashed into the darkness.

I remember how the gravel pricked my feet, how the wet grass numbed them as we made for the sound of voices on an outlying lawn. So dark was the night that we were in the cricketers' midst before we saw the shimmer of their pajamas; and then Lord Amersteth almost trod on Mackenzie as he lay prostrate in the dew.

"Who's this?" he cried. "My God! What's happened?"

"It's Clephane," said a man who knelt over him. "He's got a bullet in him somewhere."

"Is he alive?"

"Barely."

"Good heavens! Where's Crowley?"

"Here I am," called a breathless voice. "It's no good, you fellows. There's nothing to show which way they've gone. Here's Raffles; he's chucked it, too." And they ran up together, panting.

"Well, we've got one of them, at all events," muttered Lord Amersteth. "The next thing is to get this poor fellow indoors. Take his shoulders, somebody. Now his middle. Join hands under him. Altogether, now. That's the way. Poor fellow! Poor fellow! His name isn't Clephane at all. He's a Scotland Yard detective, down here for these very villains!"

Raffles was the first to express surprise; but he had also been the first to raise the wounded man. Nor had any of them a stronger or more tender hand in the slow procession to the house. In a



LORD AMERSTETH HAD HIM IN AN INSTANT, BUT THE FELLOW FOUGHT DESPERATELY

little we had the senseless man stretched on a sofa in the library. And there, with ice on his wound and brandy in his throat, his eyes opened and his lips moved.

Lord Amersteth bent down to catch the words. "Yes, yes," said he; "we've got one of them safe and sound. That brute you collared upstairs." Lord Amersteth bent lower. "By Jove! Lowered the jewel-case out of the window, did he? And they've got clean away with it! Well, well! I only hope we'll be able to pull this fellow through. He's off again."

An hour passed: the sun was rising.

It found a dozen young fellows on the settees in the billiard-room, drinking whisky and soda-water in their overcoats and pajamas, and still talking excitedly in one breath. A time-table was being passed from hand to hand, and the doctor was still in the library. At last the door opened, and Lord Amersteth put in his head.

"It isn't hopeless," said he, "but it's bad enough. There'll be no cricket to-day."

Another hour, and most of us were on our way to catch the early train; between us, we filled a compartment almost to suffocation. And still we talked all together of the night's event; and still I was a little hero in my way, for having kept my hold of the one ruffian who had been taken; and my gratification was subtle and intense. Raffles watched me under lowered lids. Not a word had we had together; not a word did we have until we had left the others at Paddington, and were skimming through the familiar, crowded streets in a hansom with noiseless tires and a tinkling bell.

"Well, Bunny," said Raffles, "so the professors have it, eh?"

"Yes," said I. "And I'm jolly glad!"

"That poor Mackenzie has a ball in his chest?"

"That you and I have been on the decent side for once."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You're hopeless, Bunny, quite hopeless! I take it you wouldn't have refused your share if the boodle had fallen to us? Yet you positively enjoy coming off second best—for the second time running! I confess, however, that the professors' methods were full of interest to me. I, for one, have probably gained as much in experience as I have lost in other things. That lowering the jewel-case out of the window was a very simple and effective expedient; two of them had been waiting below for it for hours."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I saw them from my own window, which was just above the dear old lady's. I was fretting for that necklace, in particular, when I went up to turn in for our last night, and I happened to look out of my window. In point of fact, I wanted to see whether the one below was open, and whether there was the slightest chance of working the oracle with my sheet for a rope. Of course I took the precaution of turning my light off first, and it was a lucky thing I did so. I saw the pros. right down below, and they never saw me. I saw a little tiny luminous disk just for an instant, and then again for an instant a few minutes later. Of course I knew what it was, for I have my own watch-dial daubed with luminous paint; it makes a lantern of sorts when you can get no better. But these fellows were not using theirs as a lantern. They were under the old lady's window. They were watching the time. The whole thing was arranged with their accomplice inside. Set a thief to catch a thief: in a minute I had guessed what the whole thing proved to be."

"And you did nothing!" I exclaimed.

"On the contrary, I went downstairs and straight into Lady Melrose's room—"

"You, sir?"

"Without a moment's hesitation. To save her jewels. And I was prepared to yell as much into her ear-trumpet for all the house to hear. But she is too deaf and too fond of her dinner to wake easily."

"Well?"

"She didn't stir."

"And yet you allowed the professors, as you call them, to take her jewels, case and all?"

"All but this," said Raffles, thrusting his fist into my lap. "I would have shown it you before, but really, old fellow, your face all day has been worth a fortune to the firm!"

And he opened his fist, to shut it next instant on the bunch of diamonds and of sapphires that I had last seen encircling the neck of Lady Melrose.

THE CAUSE OF CRIME

THE newest theory of wrong-doing and its origin comes from England, and looks like a very old one in a new guise. It is, in brief, that perfect healthfulness of body and mind predisposes to excesses of activity, most of which end in criminal deeds. In the Middle Ages virtue was sought only in persons too feeble physically and mentally to be capable of any exertion; consequently they could not commit crimes.

THE DREYFUS CASE

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

IS HE guilty? This is the question which, for the last four years, and more especially for the last ten months, has been considered with some anguish by all persons who are not so despicably wrapped up in their own concerns that they do not care whether the blow is fair or foul, so long as it only strikes the neighbor.

The fight, in France, has been long and bitter over this Dreyfus affair. For over a year the usual and necessary operations of government have been seriously impeded or even absolutely neglected. At the Cabinet councils, in the legislative assemblies, in the press and among the people, the one subject was Dreyfus. In short, the whole nation was wrangling sourly and doing little else.

This is still the state of affairs; but the late crashes have at last opened the way to a final settlement of the whole thing.

There is much to be settled besides the fate of Dreyfus. From what is known other explosions as violent and perhaps more significant than Colonel Henry's suicide are to be momentarily expected. From what is known many reputations will be shattered before long, and many caverns opened from which bad smells will rise.

The results of the upheaval may even extend beyond the limits of France, although the war with Germany, which is threatened by the adversaries of a new trial, is very improbable. To tackle France is nowadays too serious a business to be undertaken lightly by any power; and unless the revelations to come are of a very much graver character than we foresee at present, the Germans will allow their neighbors to examine their bundles of papers in peace.

At all events, France is now too eager for truth to stop at anything. It is universally suspected that there exists in several branches of the government so much corruption as to imperil the very life of the republic. However unpleasant the task, this corruption is going to be located and removed.

The revision of Dreyfus's trial, so long furiously opposed by public opinion, is now imperiously demanded by it.

Felix Faure, his ministers and advisers, have all along known that the Jewish captain was condemned in spite of all law and fairness. But in France political men are even more than in America obsequiously docile to the caprices of that most irresponsible of modern forces—public opinion. So far, Felix Faure and the other men in power had cynically refrained from all initiative which might have endangered their security. The tremendous veering of the last few days has caught them a little suddenly; and it is at once amusing and pitiable to watch them now as, panic-stricken and breathless, they scramble to trim sail and fly with the new wind that threatens to upset them.

As this is written they have just heaved Cavaignac overboard—Cavaignac, the upright and steadfast mule who always is, and always

has been, wrong with the same appalling honesty.

The day is won, then? Yes, it seems so. Yet victory does not bring full satisfaction to the most enlightened men who struggled for it. They think it is infinitely regrettable that the main point at issue should have attracted so little attention, or at least awakened so little concern in the public mind. Revision is finally granted because the most important witness in the trial of 1894 has been shown up as a forger—a man who, at the same time that he imposed his mere word as the most unquestionable evidence, was fabricating in cold blood the documents which convicted the officer against whom he testified. But this discovery came late, and it might have never come. It is sad to reflect that in that case Dreyfus would perhaps have been kept on the sunbaked rock where he is tortured; that public opinion was only amenable to such a clublike argument, when for so long a multitude of others, perhaps a little more subtle but just as convincing, were adduced for its consideration.

As a matter of fact, it should never have been a struggle for or against Dreyfus, but for or against Justice. The question was not and is not: "Is Dreyfus guilty or is he innocent?" but, "Has he been tried properly, surrounded by all the guarantees which law provides for the accused?"

This must not be understood to mean that in case his trial had been perfectly regular the strong presumption which we now have of his innocence should not have secured a revision of his sentence. But simply that the case should never have been allowed to go so far; that had he been ten times guilty he should nevertheless have been brought back long ago and re-examined, as a vindication of the most essential principles of justice which have been so grossly violated by the officers who judged him and by the minister who prompted the crime.

Remember the facts. Dreyfus was arrested on the charge of having betrayed to the enemy secrets that concerned national defense. The only document offered in evidence of that was a *bordereau*, or bill, which was undated, unsigned and otherwise unauthenticated. Because of a great resemblance in handwritings, the responsibility for this piece was, from the first, very rashly fastened upon Alfred Dreyfus by a lot of officers who seem to be so habitually afflicted with patriotic hallucinations as to be quite unfit for any researches demanding cool minds. But, after all, the most determined efforts to that end did not succeed in establishing clearly that Dreyfus had written the *bordereau*. All circumstantial evidence was against that supposition. Out of five experts called to testify three pronounced for and two against. Despite the now well-established unsoundness of

their judgment, the officers who composed the military court, in the face of such flimsy evidence, inclined to a pure and simple acquittal.

It was at that moment, after the debate was closed, that General Mercier, at the time Minister of War, for some motives as yet unfathomed, intervened against Dreyfus.

To give here the proofs of this intervention would take too much time and space. Suffice it to say that they exist, that they have been many times given in print, and that to-day they stand undeniable and even unchallenged.

General Mercier, in order to secure the condemnation, communicated in secret, and out of the presence of Dreyfus and of his attorney, a letter which immediately changed the conviction of the judging officers. Was it the letter that did this, accomplished this, on the evident wish of the Master that Dreyfus should be found guilty? Even honorable men may be suspected to yield unconsciously to such influence; and this is so well recognized that law, in almost all countries, forbids all intercourse of the jurors with the outside.

What must we think, then, of a minister that does not shrink from entering the room of deliberations, from exercising direct pressure upon men who are his inferiors?

And what was that letter—so important that even Dreyfus or his attorney could not possibly be permitted to see it without bringing a calamity upon the State? Its contents have since been revealed, and we are simply astounded to find that it only contains one criminating sentence that might apply to Dreyfus, as it might to anybody else whose name began with D; for the "exacting rascal" of whom it speaks is not otherwise designated. Moreover, this note, as the other of the same character which was emphatically guaranteed to be authentic by Cavaignac, may yet turn out to be a forgery.

Whether this letter is important or puerile, genuine or false, once more the question is not there. It has been proved beyond question that the verdict which no other proof had secured against Captain Dreyfus was obtained by giving his judges a letter systematically kept from him and his defender, so that they could not explain, discuss or contest it.

One of the most sacred rights of man is that he must not be condemned until heard. It is a monstrous iniquity that Dreyfus, having triumphantly refuted all charges advanced against him, does not know to this day why he has been torn alive from life, so to speak, and sent to a slow agony of helpless rage.

As soon as these facts became known popular indignation ought to have branded General Mercier, the man who so shamefully abused the influence of his position; branded also the men who, invested with public confidence for the per-

formance of a delicate duty, violated their trust when they did not resent the insult offered them by their superior, becoming, on the contrary, willing parties to his crime.

But no. There was no universal indignation. To some questions that were asked here and there, ministers or



GENERAL ZURLINDER,
War Minister after General Mercier.



MAJOR ESTERHAZY,
Suspected of writing the "Bordereau."



GENERAL MERCIER,
Former Minister of War.



COLONEL PICQUART,
Convinced of Dreyfus's innocence.



GENERAL DE PELLIEUX,
Of the Prosecution.



M. CLEMENCEAU,
One of Zola's Counsel.



GENERAL RENOARD,
Chief of the General Staff.

OFFICIALS WHO BECAME PROMINENT IN THE DREYFUS CASE

soldiers deigned to answer, as Cavaignac did recently:

"Perhaps Dreyfus's trial was irregular, but I have examined the case carefully and I assure you the man is guilty. Why should we revise, why should we go to all this trouble?"

Why? Because I do not want to be jailed or executed on the strength of some document on which I am not allowed to argue.

Why? Because if this ever happens to me I want the world to come to my rescue, and never stop because a minister, two ministers, a hundred ministers, give their words that I am guilty.

Why? Because the Minister of War, or the President of a nation, is not qualified to pass sentence and condemn me in his study, on evidence of which I know nothing.

Why? Because I have the right to defend myself in all freedom. Because I will not relinquish this right under any circumstances or for any reason whatsoever, even if it be a "Reason of State," that survival of medieval bugbears, which, trusting to the prevalent idiocy, you so often put forward.

No man who has not these sentiments in his heart is worthy to enjoy the privileges of a citizen in a free country. And any man who would feel all this if he were in Dreyfus's place, and fails to clamor for justice when another is in the coils, or because that other is a Jew, must be told that he is contemptibly selfish.

All this may sound a trifle too vehement. It is not. We are, as a rule, altogether too prone to suffer only of our own grief.

After Dreyfus had been sentenced the learned and venerable Demange, who had defended the officer, embraced him and cried: "My child, your condemnation is the greatest infamy of the century."

Mr. Demange was right, even if Dreyfus were guilty.

HENRI DUMAY.

PARIS, September 6, 1908.

OUR LONDON LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

OMDURMAN has fallen at last, and General Kitchener, the Sirdar of the Anglo-Egyptian army, has robbed himself in renown.

And not, as first reported, at great cost. The Dervishes treated their own lives like so much waste-paper; their bravery was fanatic, perhaps, but it was also lyric. The Khalifa has fled, though his capture is hourly expected. Meanwhile, whether it occurs or not, is immaterial. His power is broken forever, and England's next Oriental war will doubtless not be on the Nile. The Soudan is once more free, and the death of Gordon is avenged. His statue in Trafalgar Square was yesterday placarded to this effect several times, the police having their hands full in guarding it against such questionable decoration. A complete passage from the Mediterranean to the Cape is now believed possible for the English. Whether or no this can be achieved must depend upon those European powers which may or may not bar her progress. There is universal gladness here that England's protectorate in Egypt has finally become an assured success. The tomb of El Mahdi was destroyed by shot and shell during the conflict, and its demolition seems to have been symbolic. Another Mahdi may arise, it is true, from the ashes of the first. Strongly preventive organizations against any such ugly event, however, will now be made, and England, of all countries, is best aware how both to make and maintain them. Tommy Atkins, though a sturdy soldier, is also a good sentinel.

M. Cavaignac has at last shown the good sense to retire. Colonel Henry's disgraceful suicide made Paris ever mutable and inflammatory, no longer wish him for Minister of War. A revision of the whole Dreyfus trial is now imminent. Colonel Du Paty de Clam quakes in his boots; General Boisjoffre is anticipating the deluge; President Faure is disgusted *ad nauseam*; M. Zola, off in Norway, is presumably beginning to pack his trunk; Madame Dreyfus is in pathetic ecstasies; and through the cell of that poor prisoner on the Ile du Diable a shaft of golden light must by this time have shot. On all sides the narrow-mindedness of M. Cavaignac is condemned as hopeless. He cannot help admitting the forgery admitted by Colonel Henry himself. And yet with Boottian dullness, with something for which uncharitable observers could easily find a less lenient name, he still insists that Dreyfus is guilty and that a new trial should not take place. An American Dreyfus, with our limited standing army, our totally different geographic situation, popular temperament, etc., would be almost impossible. I think an English Dreyfus, for that matter, would be equally so. It is no exaggeration to state that the average opinion of all Europe is in favor of this unhappy man's release. Safely, too, may it be added that no legal *cause célèbre* has ever so convulsed the world. A conspiracy of shame has been followed by a conspiracy of silence. This last is broken by a self-murder at which every real French patriot blushes. By cutting his throat has not Colonel Henry cut the first strands, also, in a web of infamy? The whole hideousness must now soon transpire. Its origin, as widely has been conceded, was French hatred of Germany. Ever since its colossal defeat at Sedan, the French people have striven, in pas-

sionate pride, to make their humiliation appear before Europe an affair of individual feebleness on the part of certain military leaders.

Their army, so arrogant in the faith of a faultless discipline, an invincible *esprit de corps*, received a wound deeper and more lasting than any which Teuton bullets could deal. Hence, as it were, victims were needed. General Bazaine was the first. He had surrendered Metz; that was enough. M. de Cassagnac strove to fix upon a single officer blame for the calamity of Sedan, and literally killed, by his absurd persecutions, General de Wimpfen, who perished of a broken heart. Then came the attack upon General de Cissey, which we all remember, for having stolen important documents from the War Office. France, meanwhile, has looked on delighted. She has believed herself handsomely proving, by these hysteric "attitudes," that she still remains the same great fighting force as of old, and that merely a few corrupt or incompetent servants have been responsible for her transient downfall. Coincident with this creed has been her thirst for "revenge," which means principally, of course, the repossession of Alsace and Lorraine. Therefore the Czar's manifesto is like a knife in her vitals. International disarmament in a grand, general sense, has a fine enough sound. But practically, whatever it may mean, she is confronted by the surrender of all future claim to the Rhine Provinces. If it means a maintenance of the *status quo*, that is no comfort whatever. For her *status quo*, as she is very well aware, though she would scorn to admit it, is inferior to that of Germany. Italy, in the meantime, waits for others to speak. Poor Spain is perhaps but too well aware that neither her consent nor dissent will carry much weight. The German Empire has every reason to rejoice at the Imperial Note. Disarmament would pluck from its side that thorn of Gallic menace which has been festering there since 1871. But how the German Empire will feel and how the German Emperor will feel may be divided by an abyssal difference. Austria has good cause for regarding this whole matter with dismay, and policy will alone animate her approbation of it. Then, lastly, there is England, with whom it rests to either shatter or fortify the Czar's whole astonishing and unforeseen project.

Of course much will depend upon the kind of English government existing at the hour of this mighty conference. Lord Salisbury, as everybody knows, is an ill man. Rumors of his coming resignation as Premier have already been widely circulated. Among the Conservatives who can take his place? Personally I have heard it more than whispered that if a change of party occurs in the Cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain and not Lord Rosebery may be called upon to hold the highest place there. Of Mr. Chamberlain's radicalism every street boy is aware. The English Liberals have never been jingoists. No impulse could be more anti-jingoish than that which sympathy with Russia's late invitation would evoke. On the other hand, it may well be asked if naval hinderances will not forever stand in the way. Question people here as to what is their feeling about the final answer which England will give, and you will soon receive the impression that in this quarter of the world they are not troubled with millennial ideas. British ship-building, for one thing, is an enormous industrial factor. For another, that old tradition, "Britannia, monarch of the sea," isn't to be dissipated in a day. "It's like telling," says Jack Tar, "a fish to keep out o' the water." Mr. Balfour, notwithstanding, sends a sympathetic message to Count Muraviev. I am enabled to report, however, which I do with perfect confidence, the present and probably the future posture of Great Britain: Absolute refusal to join any convention with disarmament for its object. Will the entire plan, on this account, fall through? It would be hard, I think, to find an intelligent Englishman who thought otherwise.

The Anti-Vaccination Act, now a law, is in full progress. The Duke of Argyll's recent statement that "an immense plurality of blockheads" indorsed it has had no apparent effect. Parents are bringing up their children for certificates of exemption with a pertinacity that steadily increases. Fifteen thousand of these printed forms have been requested by metropolitan magistrates. Queer mistakes are made by those who believe their children have been happily saved from the claws of the dragon. At Bow Street Police Court, the other day, a well-dressed man, who said that he came from Wimbledon, approached Sir John Bridge, with the now cut-and-dried formula of complaint; namely, his "conscientious belief that vaccination would be prejudicial to the health of the child, and his conscientious objection to the child being vaccinated, on that ground." Sir John Bridge: "How old is the child?" Applicant: "Three months and a half." Sir John: "Where do you say you come from?" Applicant: "From Wimbledon." Sir John: "That is not within our district. I cannot listen to you, or I might have applications from York, or some other distant place." This is only one instance of many. It is apparent that they whom the gods would liberate from such awful tyrannies as those of the alleged venomous needle, they first make—stupid. "Arma virumque cano," runs the old story of how the school-teacher addressed his pupil: "translate that line, my lad." "Please, sir," was the reply, "it's 'arms and the virus I sing.'" Per-

haps (who knows?) that enterprising young student of Virgil had an anti-vaccinist father! Imbecilities among those seeking to avail themselves of the Act abound everywhere throughout the kingdom. But sometimes we get a case where the lawyer's opposite theories rather ludicrously clash with those of his interlocutor. One happened, of late, in Liverpool. Mr. Kinghorn (deputy stipendiary magistrate) gave audience to a young man who desired a certificate of exemption. "I wish to declare," said the sire of an unpunctured offspring, "that I don't believe, never did believe, and never will believe, in vaccination." . . . "Then you are hopeless," replied Mr. Kinghorn; "I don't know that anything else is needed."

EDGAR FAWCETT.

LONDON, Sept. 7, 1908.

THE DRAMA

THE hot weather of early September evidently frightened our managers, and several of those who had not already opened their theatres kept them discreetly closed. Consequently, for a whole week, at a time when openings are usually bewilderingly frequent, there was not a new production of note in New York. This does not mean, however, that the city was theatrically uninteresting; on the contrary, there were several performances to be seen that were well worth either a first or a second visit, and there was at least one "novelty." The lull, at any rate, gave me a chance to revise impressions of perhaps the most conspicuous figure in our theatre at the present hour, and to stray a bit out of the theatrical highways.

We have had Mr. William Gillette for a long time; but perhaps we never realized how much we revered him until we found that the English revered him too. It is very curious the respect we have for English opinion in the arts; the respect, in fact, that we have always had. And yet there are those who fancy that we are not eager for an Anglo-American alliance! I am really serious when I say that I believe our successful actors as well as our successful war have helped to make English hearts warm toward us. In this good work no one has done more than Mr. Gillette. After winning an unequivocal success in London



MASON MITCHELL,
In his Rough Rider Costume.

WILLIAM GILLETTE,
From his latest Photograph.

with "Secret Service" a year ago, he won there during the past summer at least a *success d'estime* with "Too Much Johnson." To discover, if I could, the secret of these achievements, I had sat through a performance of "Too Much Johnson" early in the month, and I continued my quest one night last week by following the course of "Secret Service" for the fourth time. Those two performances gave me many things to think about regarding Mr. Gillette as playwright and Mr. Gillette as actor.

When I first saw Mr. Gillette, it seemed to me that his methods were very like Joseph Jefferson's—simple, direct, natural, the methods of greatness. So I wondered why, after his performance, I could not think of him as a great actor. I thought I understood why other actors said he could not act at all. Joseph Jefferson doesn't act; he lives through a part; he doesn't try to make nature spurious, cheap, painted. The former contempt of actors for Mr. Gillette (it must, of course, have passed away since those English successes) heightened my esteem for him. I wish that the two performances of his that I have lately seen had not lowered it. They convinced me that Mr. Gillette is not only not a great actor, but that he is far, very far, from being a natural actor. His methods are simple enough, but they are few, and they continually repeat themselves. His delivery has a sing-song monotony. I have never heard a man speak as Mr. Gillette speaks on the stage; and off the stage I

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don't believe that Mr. Gillette speaks like that either. But the very peculiarity of his delivery, together with his imperturbable bearing, give his acting the interest and charm that must have captivated the English. He must have seemed to them not only unique, but awfully American. He is American—that is, he is the American that frequently gets into literature; he is the kind of American that the English would like to think common among us. He is the American who figures so heroically in the stories of Richard Harding Davis. Many young ladies, it is only fair to add, think that this is the real American.

But it is hard to find the real thing anywhere on the stage. I am sure that Miss Rose Coghlan thought that she was playing the part of a real actress when she recently produced the one-act play, "Between Matinee and Night," at some of the vaudeville houses. Miss Coghlan, who is said to have had a hand in writing the piece, surely ought to know. But in art this is no argument; in so many cases those who ought to know really don't know at all, or, if they do know, they don't express. I am inclined to think that the actress in the little play is Miss Coghlan's ideal of what the actress ought to be; or rather, the idea of the actress that Miss Coghlan would like to create in the public mind. I am delighted to think that I strayed into one of the theatrical byways to see her. Any New York writer who discusses the stage and missed seeing her did the dramatic profession a gross injustice. The actress that Miss Coghlan presented was really different from the actress that we read about in the papers, or in the paper-covered novels.

Far from being light-minded or improper or contemptuous of conventionality, she was serious, apparently straitlaced. After the matinee she entered her dressing-room, exhausted from her "work," as well as from the weight of a magnificent gown of brocade. She carelessly bade her maid remove the gown, and during the process one of the Pleasure Palace gallery gods gasped so violently that he could have been heard all over the theatre. But he might have saved himself the agitation, for Miss Coghlan emerged in an eminently correct toilet of pink muslin. Then she sat down to a meal of—what do you suppose? Champagne? Oh, no. Tea and toast. In the meantime, a timid matinee girl had entered to kiss the hand of a goddess. No goddess could have been more gracious. The actress even invited her caller to have some tea; then she talked about her "work." I had never seen any one who loved that word so much as that actress; she must have used it fifty times. According to her story, the life of a successful player was full of hardships, and privations—and "work"! The actress felt strange attraction for her caller, and when the girl's father pursued his child to the theatre, and into the "star's" dressing-room, he met the woman he had loved and deserted in youth. Then, of course, the actress knew why she had been attracted to the girl; it was her child, taken from her years before. As the old gentleman was a widower, he might easily have made matters right; but, by some strange process of reasoning, the woman agreed with him that it was best the girl should be kept in ignorance of the truth, so that she might not be dragged from her high social eminence by her relationship with so debased a creature as an "actress." This gave, of course, the exponent of the drama a chance to be nobly self-sacrificing, and when the two visitors had withdrawn she had a short spasm of agony, after which she pulled herself together to get into a fresh gown and resume her "work" as Peg Woffington. It was all the merest sham stage-life, with the poorest pretense of lofty sentiment. But it had a certain vulgar effectiveness, and Miss Coghlan made in it a stirring theatrical exhibition.

JOHN D. BARRY.

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THE WAR IS OVER

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"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

NEW YORK, Sept. 19, 1898

THE GALLERY IN THE SEMI-FINALS. The matches between Douglas and Travis and McDonald and Smith, in the semi-finals, brought out an immense gallery, and by the way, its composite character was most interesting. It was huge, and composed of all classes, all ages and conditions. The over-worked business man who had stolen a day from the office, the club-maker trudging along quite alone, the old professional also quite alone, caring for no man, the countless girls with their babbling enthusiasm at every stroke, everybody's little brother who was with great difficulty restrained from making sounds suggestive of the callopie every other minute, and all bound together with one great absorbing interest in the greatest of games.

In the Smith-McDonald match the university element formed a very striking feature. The gallery seemed to be made up of nothing but Yale men and their followers. John Reid, Jr., was caddy for his college mate, and another college mate was fore-caddy, standing like a statue on the greens giving directions, that is if a statue can quiver from head to foot with wildest excitement heroically suppressed. It was very hard for the university element to keep quiet; they wanted to clap Smith on the back and say, "Well done, Walter, old man." They also desired to yell with joy whenever he putted out from fifteen feet, and that they did none of these things shows how great the respect is for the royal and ancient game.

One of the most picturesque scenes imaginable was when the matches met at the eighth hole, white dresses fluttering and red coats blazing like great flowers in the sunshine.

In the early part of the day the Douglas and Travis match seemed to command the greatest interest, Douglas finishing the morning round with only one up. Travis did some very long driving and beautiful putting, enabling him to give Douglas all he wanted and more, too. In the afternoon, however, Travis was clearly and completely off his play, losing constantly on the putting greens in a manner sufficient to fill the hearts of his friends with abject misery. Travis played a very deliberate game, too deliberate almost, taking sometimes as much as a minute over one putt. His playing was in marked contrast to that of Douglas, whose style has great dash and go. Travis drives a long, dangerously low ball, taking a long time to address it, and when he finally does drive, clears the bunker with only an inch or two to spare. Ordinarily he would be far from an easy victim for Douglas, or for any one; his poor putting in the afternoon being due to physical exhaustion, affecting, as it always does, the sight first, rather than to any weakening in that part of his game.

The Smith and McDonald match was by far the most exciting of the tournament. Anything more brilliant than McDonald's style in the first four or five holes, or more magnificent than

Smith's tremendous drives, can hardly be imagined. Smith played this match, as indeed he has played all his matches, with great good-nature and with no evidence of nerves, while McDonald seemed tuned up to a high state of nervous tension. Smith ended his eighteenth hole 3 up, but the match in the afternoon was more exciting and proved extremely interesting. Three times the score was "even up" after Smith and McDonald had each won a lead of two holes respectively.

Aside from the university element, which was most pronounced, the gallery seemed to favor Smith, who, though very new at the game, played like a veteran. Possibly the fact that Smith was an American and McDonald a Scotchman had something to do with this popularity.

The match was decided at the thirty-fifth hole, Smith winning by 2 up and one to play.

The last day of the tournament found Douglas and Smith in the finals, both very tired but still game. These men had won their positions by sterling good play throughout the week, and they had the satisfaction of feeling that no one could say that they were there through any fluke. It was truly a case of "The survival of the fittest."

In the previous issue the players were divided into four classes:

First—Players who learned their game abroad and were foreigners.

Second—Self-taught Americans.

Third—University players.

Fourth—The school-boy element.

As suggested at the time, the chances were with the foreigners, inasmuch as they had both skill and stamina to a very marked degree, a combination that did not exist to any great extent among any of the other classes. After the foreigners, the university players seemed to be the most promising, inasmuch as they were fairly proficient, were young, hardy and plucky. This preliminary judgment proved decisively correct. The self-taught players made only a fair showing, while the young element cut no figure at all at any time during the tournament.

Any one seeing the match between Douglas and Smith would admit at once the wide difference between the two men at almost every point, but the greatest divergence was in style and experience. One could not get away from it; it was pronounced at every turn. Douglas has a graceful, easy style, full of snap and vigor. Not that he gives one the idea that there is no effort, there is too much drop of the right shoulder on the finish of the stroke for that, but he does give one the idea that he is saving himself all he can, and that every ounce of strength is put in where it will do the most good. He also gives one the impression that he plays fast, even carelessly, and yet to pass such a judgment upon his play is to make a woful mistake. He certainly is quick after he once addresses the ball. There are few if any wriggles or passes, because everything is settled in his mind before he even approaches the ball, but where he does take time is before his address is even thought of. He always approaches the ball from the rear, taking in at the same time its lie, the pitch of the ground, the distance to be traversed, and the position of the bunkers. It is especially noticeable that he never takes anything for granted, no matter how easy the shot nor how often he may have been over the course. Having once decided what he

wants to do, he steps forward and makes his try without any waste of time.

STEADINESS OF THE WINNER. Douglas's strong point is his deadly steadiness. He gives the impression that he cannot go wrong, and his showing in this respect was little short of marvelous. One expects to see grand playing in the national tourney, but players are not automatons or machines, and one naturally looks to see them vary in their play; but Douglas was as good with the niblick as with his brassey, and as clever in a bunker as in the fair green. The only possible criticism that could be made was that his putting was not up to par. Such proficiency of play was not with Douglas during all the tournament. He had one especially shaky day about the middle of the week. That time is always a trying one in any athletic event where great endurance is demanded, but Douglas, having once passed this crisis, got better and better. Many thought that he was giving out, that the strain was telling on him; but he struck me even at that time as being in the best condition of all the players.

Douglas relied on his getting better instead of worse as the tournament progressed, for his game has really never been at top-notch in his own opinion since his arrival in this country, for the very good reason that it was impossible for him to devote the necessary amount of time to his play on account of his business; so the finals, as he expected, found him in better condition both as to his game and physically than at any other day of the tournament.

It has been the opinion of all golfers that Douglas was weak with his brassey, and he was not expected to use it much in this tournament. This proved not to be the case; he used his brassey with the most telling effect on all occasions. This rather upset the general idea that the brassey is never used by players of the "first flight." It is true that the professionals in their tournament this year invariably made their second shots with an iron and only used the brassey when driven to it. But this may be accounted for by the fact that professionals drive a very long ball and consequently the iron answers every purpose. In this connection it is also proper to say that Douglas himself stated that he considered his driving the weakest part of his play.

Douglas gave the greatest exhibition of approaching ever seen in this country. Words cannot do it justice. He was absolutely sure at all times, at any distance, and always up on the play. He approached with the machie with an ease and courage that almost took away one's breath. Time and again it looked as though he must lose the hole, but then would come the approach, and, like a kaleidoscope, everything was changed, and you could not see how he could fail to win it. This wonderful play excited so much admiration that the method is worthy of description. The ball was addressed off the right foot, the body well forward, with a good part of its weight on the left foot. The club was held with a very short handle, the right hand being at the lowest part of the leather handle, almost touching the wood of the shaft, with the fingers showing up and the back of the hand down. The left hand grasped the club in a natural way; the blade of the machie was not laid back, and if anything was pitched a little forward. The play was made with an easy swing, there was no snapping of the

wrist, but the club was carried well back, the down motion of the swing was not hurried and was well carried through, the left arm finishing perfectly straight, and the body following in the direction of the ball.

As for Smith, too much credit cannot be given this young man. **DRIVING** It is almost beyond belief that a player of his small experience, for he has only played three seasons, could put up such a game against such a golfer as Douglas. Smith impresses one with the idea that he has no nerves, and as for pluck and courage, he was full of it. He never seemed to appreciate that he was beaten, and one might surmise where he received his training. His driving was terrific and was accomplished by a stance that was far from orthodox, and although he hit the ball hard, he made actually less effort than Douglas. He takes a very long time to address the ball, changing the position of his feet constantly. He gets well over with his body, both knees very much bent, a most trying position. The only marvel is that it was possible for him to play 36 holes for six days consecutively without being entirely incapacitated. His strength must be practically without limit, and undoubtedly his age was a great assistance to him. As he grows older and more proficient he will undoubtedly improve his position and address.

Smith was weak with the brassy, but exceedingly good with his irons; only fair as to his approach, but very good in his approach putting and putting. Of course it was an ordeal for any man to go through, and his play would have been considered excellent against any other man than Douglas.

Smith was very brilliant at times, but he tired in the afternoon toward the last of the play, falling off somewhat in his drives. Yet still he never wavered, never gave up a hole, and died game, good-humored to the end, and always a gentleman.

This tournament has given us much to think of and digest. What stands out most prominently just now is that it will take some time for our home-bred players to reach the point where we shall be good enough to carry off the championship as long as such players as those of the class of Whigham and Douglas care to contest. Also that the best material is to be looked for in the universities.

A summary of the week's tournament is as follows:

QUALIFYING ROUNDS

Monday, September 12, 1898

Joseph H. Choate, Jr.	88, 87-175
Robert Crowell	91, 87-178
C. B. Macdonald	90, 88-178
W. B. Smith	88, 95-173
Walter J. Travis	89, 90-179
M. R. Wright	89, 90-179
F. S. Douglas	89, 91-180
A. M. Coats	93, 87-180
R. E. Griscorn	92, 89-181
Foxhall P. Keene	89, 93-181
A. H. Smith	89, 92-181
James A. Tyng	92, 89-181
W. B. Cutting, Jr.	86, 96-182
G. G. Hubbard	94, 89-183
H. M. Billings	95, 89-184
James F. Curtis	95, 89-184
John I. Blair, Jr.	92, 92-184
F. H. Bohnen	89, 96-185
F. W. Menzies	93, 92-185
L. P. Bayard, Jr.	93, 92-185
J. G. Thorpe	94, 92-186
H. P. Toler	95, 91-186
James A. Stillman	97, 89-186
A. D. Cochran	97, 89-186
Jasper Lynch	93, 94-187
C. A. Lineaweaver	89, 98-187
W. H. Sands	96, 91-187
H. K. Toler	88, 99-187
G. D. Fowle	94, 94-188
John Reid	92, 96-188
E. C. Rushmore	94, 94-188
* H. D. Vanderpool	91, 98-189
* A. Morton	98, 91-189

* Vanderpool and Morton tied at 189 for last place. The tie was played off on Tuesday morning and was won by Morton.

Tuesday, September 13, 1898

J. G. Thorpe beat M. R. Wright by 3 up and 2 to play.
W. J. Travis beat J. I. Blair, Jr. by 4 up and 3 to play.
A. Morton beat W. Bayard Cutting, Jr. by 2 up and 1 to play.
F. S. Douglas beat J. F. Curtis by 6 up and 5 to play.
A. H. Smith beat R. H. Crowell by 2 up and 1 to play.
F. H. Bohnen beat W. H. Sands by 2 up.
J. A. Tyng beat F. W. Menzies by 6 up and 5 to play.
J. A. Stillman beat E. C. Rushmore by 6 up and 4 to play.
W. B. Smith beat J. H. Choate, Jr. by 8 up and 7 to play.
A. M. Coats beat H. K. Toler by 5 up and 4 to play.
C. B. Macdonald beat G. G. Hubbard by 4 up and 2 to play.
F. P. Keene beat R. E. Griscorn by 5 up and 3 to play.
Jasper Lynch beat C. P. Lineaweaver by 2 up.
John Reid beat A. De Witt Cochran by 3 up and 1 to play.
L. P. Bayard, Jr., beat H. Mortimer Billings by default.
G. D. Fowle beat H. P. Toler by 1 up (19 holes).

Wednesday, September 14, 1898

W. J. Travis beat J. G. Thorpe by 7 up and 6 to play.
F. P. Keene beat J. A. Tyng by 5 up and 4 to play.
J. A. Stillman beat A. Morton by 4 up and 3 to play.
Findlay S. Douglas beat A. H. Smith by 4 up and 3 to play.
A. M. Coats beat F. H. Bohnen by 8 up and 7 to play.
C. B. Macdonald beat John Reid, Jr. by 3 up and 1 to play.
W. B. Smith beat L. P. Bayard, Jr. by 1 up.
G. D. Fowle beat Jasper Lynch by 1 up (37 holes).

Thursday, September 15, 1898

W. J. Travis beat Foxhall P. Keene by 5 up and 4 to play.
Findlay S. Douglas beat J. A. Stillman, Jr. by 9 up and 8 to play.
C. B. Macdonald beat A. M. Coats by 9 up and 7 to play.
W. B. Smith beat G. D. Fowle by 7 up and 6 to play.
Douglas's score on this day was the best of the tournament.

Douglas	4	4	4	3	4	6	5	4	6-40
"	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	5-40-80
"	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	4	4-36
"	4	6	6	5	4	3	4	4	4-40-76-156

Friday, September 16, 1898

Findlay S. Douglas beat Walter J. Travis by 8 up and 6 to play.
Walter B. Smith beat Charles B. Macdonald by 2 up and 1 to play.

FINALS

Saturday, September 17, 1898

F. S. Douglas beat W. B. Smith by 5 up and 3 to play.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS AT PRINCETON
At Princeton many of the players who for several years, even when the outlook appeared dark, have buoyed up the hopes of the Orange and Black, are this year missing. As Bannard, Baird and Ayres will be gone from the back field, little can as yet be anticipated from the quarter where in late years Princeton has boasted of strength. Reiter, Burke and Wheeler here form the nucleus—men of experience, but more or less overshadowed by veterans until this year. Kelly, if he returns, is a host in himself.

The line, too, is not without its losses. Cochran, last year's captain, will be missed as end. Lathrop, the other reliable end, enlisted, but may return. Craig, who played left end last season, though willing, has much to learn, but is likely to have a place. At tackle, Hillebrand, the captain for '98, stands alone. Holt, Princeton's left tackle of last year and the former Harvard player, not returning.

In the center, Princeton's trio of last year look formidable. Here, if at any point, should lie strength. All three men possess natural ability in strength and weight, and Crowdis, by reason of experience, should add a wonderful steadying influence to the other two men, Edwards and Booth. The latter two have passed through one season, and with proper coaching in aggressive play should make a strong pair. Out of the fifteen tried men of last year eight will enter into the make-up of the team of this fall.

Last year's scrub eleven offers Filson, a graduate of Lafayette not eligible last year by intercollegiate rules, but who played throughout the season a strong game at guard. Beam is also a last year's candidate. Filson has an advantage over Beam in weight, being a man of some two hundred pounds; but, while stronger in defense, he is lacking in the sharp, aggressive play of the latter. These two men should add much to a sharp competition for the center positions. At tackle, Geer, '99, is promising. A hard, sure tackler, and a player difficult to "box," he lacks weight for the ideal tackle. In end material, Palmer, '98, who returns for a post-graduate year, has speed in abundance, and is a never-failing tackler, but is apt to play the open position blindly.

Back of the line, Cram, '99, a substitute half-back of last year, was so handicapped by injuries that little can be judged of his real ability, though if reports be true of his former achievements he may offer a surprise as a line "bucker." At quarter-back, Poe, 1900, has attained more nearly the standard weight for this position, and, barring accidents to his knee, he may add another "varsity" Poe to the already long list from that family. Black at full-back and Lathrop at half-back add the only other men worthy of mention as entering into "varsity" competition. The entering class is large, the largest Princeton has ever seen, and a large class must necessarily have among its number some men of football ability.

Of the few incoming men known, Beardsley of St. John's School gives most promise. He is a man of one hundred and eighty pounds, with speed his best qualification. Mills from Hill School adds another large man to the list. His playing in the past has been of good measure. Sheffield, from Blair Hall Academy, New Jersey, though as yet very crude material, may help, by virtue of weight, strength and agility, to solve the tackle problem. Thompson, of Mercersburg Academy, Pennsylvania, if large enough to withstand close interference, should be a find for the end position. In the back field, Hutchinson, also from Mercersburg Academy, who alternated between quarter and full-back last year on his school team, has excellent ability as a quarter-back. His renown as an interscholastic hurdler, broad jumper and quarter-miler makes his name well known in connection with speed and strength. Lord, of Hill School, and McCord and Brown, of Lawrenceville, are also counted upon as good timber.

Princeton will hold no summer practice this year, not even recalling the men to college before the opening of the term. Since her season opens on September 21 and continues only till November 12, rapid development must be attained, and it is to this end that the management will direct its efforts.

Yale's aggressive line of last year, which lent so much aid in the desperate finish of the season against Harvard and Princeton, is broken by graduation. Its ends are lopped off, and a tackle and guard, each of remarkably strong characteristics, are gone. And the self-contained but extremely vigorous freshman center, Cadwalader, of the long name and accurate foot, it is reported, is not likely to continue on sufficiently good terms with his studies to buttress up the middle of the line and convert touchdowns into goals. This leaves Captain Chamberlin with but one of that line of men upon whom so much responsibility fell and who carried it so well. True, in that one man, Brown, and in him

self there were as strong a pair as could well be picked, but it will be a difficult undertaking to replace Rodgers, Chadwick, Cadwalader, Hall and Hazen.

Behind the line Yale is much better off, having Dudley and Corwin, both of whom played in the games of last year—one in the Princeton game, making the winning touchdown there, the other in the Harvard game and in the West Point game, in the latter converting what seemed like certain defeat into a tie by running two-thirds the length of the field to a touchdown. McBride, the rather erratic but very strong punter of last season, is on hand to return kicks against the wind as he did in the Harvard game. Benjamin, who filled a half-back place in the big game, is not likely to return; but in Durston Yale has a strong runner of considerable weight to put in with certain of the lighter halves. For the line promising men are not yet in view, though Marshall is likely to be back from the wars to make a place for himself. The half-backs will do some kicking before the term begins, and one or two promising candidates for the positions of Hall and Hazen will visit the former Yale end and captain, Frank Hinkley, at his home, to acquire the rudimentary principles of end play.

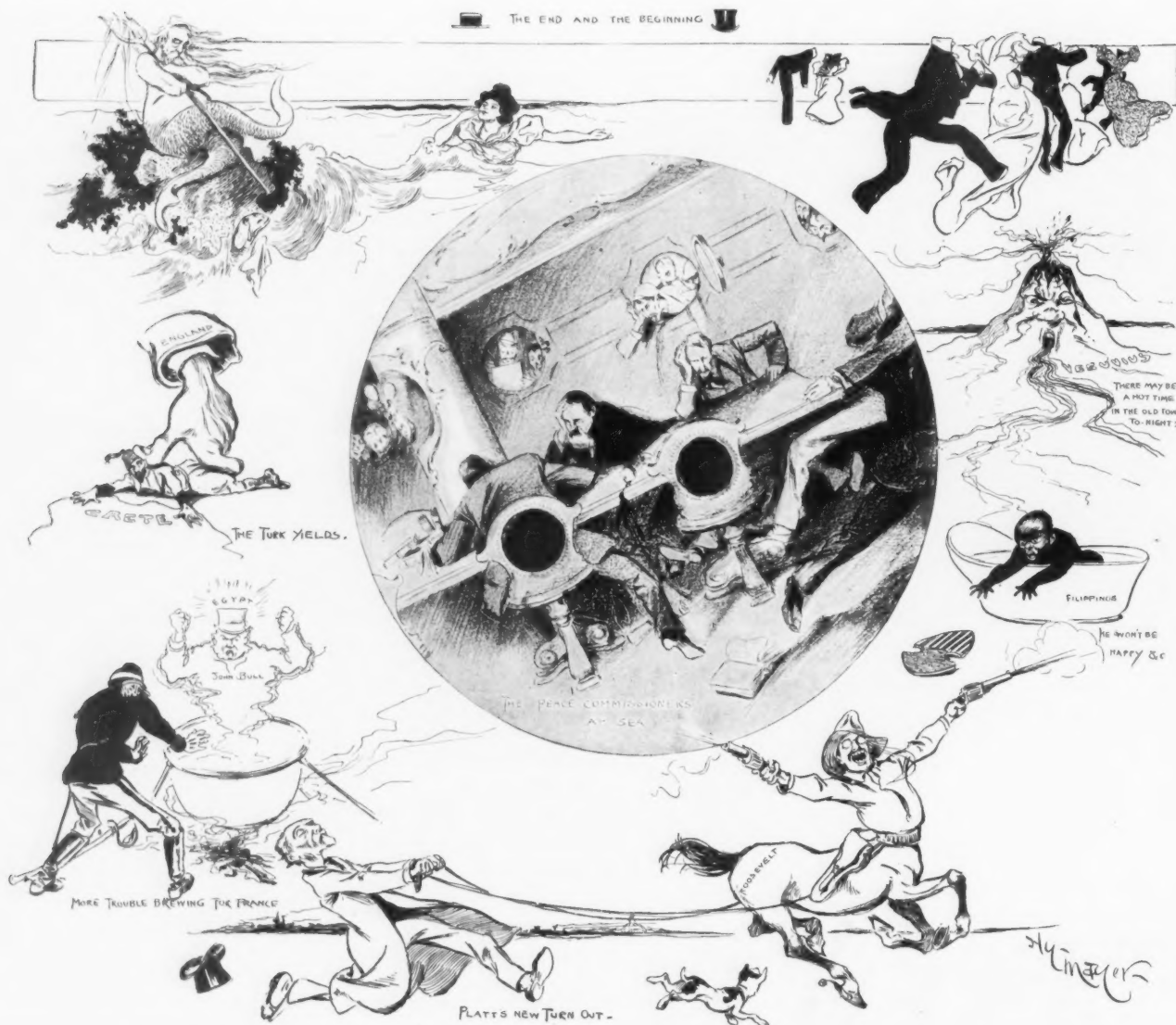
HARVARD OUTLOOK
In Dibblee Harvard has a player of marked ability. He is of the same type as de Saulles of Yale—a hard, strong lightweight with far

more chances of living through a season of killing work than the heavier candidates in a half-back squad. As a captain he is yet to be tested. It is a difficult undertaking to captain any football team. It is a staggering task to captain a Harvard team—and this, too, with no reflection upon the Harvard system. A Harvard captain's only chance of satisfactorily filling his position lies in accomplishing what only one of his predecessors has done in over twenty years; but the reward is commensurate with the undertaking. If Captain Dibblee beats Yale he can have Cambridge, a large part of Boston and the New York Harvard Club. It is well worth trying for. Mr. Forbes will once more coach the team, and if he succeeds in getting better contests than he did last year to test his interference, expose its weaknesses, and give him the chance to patch it up, his offensive game should be a very strong one. The inception is good. On the defense Harvard fell off last year from the standard of the previous season. In the kicking department the work was erratic and this militated against the development of the line. Had the punting been sure last season, Moulton and Cabot would have been a wonderful pair of ends, but they were never certain of the distance of the punt and hence fell off in play toward the end of the season. When an end loses confidence in his kicker he loses the best part of his effectiveness in a punting game. This has probably been sufficiently impressed upon the Harvard management to make it certain that no pains will be spared in making the punting reliable. In the record of Reid, last year's freshman, both on the team and the nine, there are indications of the qualities that make a good "varsity" full-back, and in the competition he ought to show up well. It is improbable that the general style of play of the Harvard team will differ materially from that of last season, and there is no need of any fundamental alterations. Their plays were rendered ineffective through lack of stiffness in interference, while their kicking game was correct in principle but weak in execution.

I fancy they will miss Doucette greatly. He was heavy, rugged, and had, through persistent application to the duties of his position, made himself of the greatest service in assisting the rest of the line. At the West Point game last year I saw him repeatedly get over in time to stop plays coming through tackle—plays, too, that had broken the line and without his presence would have made good gains. And in that game he was hardly in condition, for he had been laid up for some time just previously, and was a man who quickly put on flesh. It will be hard to fill his place and secure the strength necessary to render that portion of the line as stiff as it was last year. Burnett, Burden and Jaffray will all be tried there. While several others of Harvard's line men are gone, I look for less difficulty in filling the other places than that of Doucette. Boal will make a strong bid for guard. Bouvé is said to be intending to enter the Law School. Last year's freshman team will do more than offer Reid to the "varsity." In Lawrence they are sending up a good tackle, in Hallowell a strong, aggressive quarter, and in Ellis a man who will follow Reid closely.

But to return to the line. In Lawrence, Donald, Swain and Mills, with perhaps Haughton, if he should be sent back to his old place, Captain Dibblee should be able to fill up his tackle positions. On the ends, Cabot of last year was not the Cabot of former years, and both he and Moulton fell off, as stated earlier; hence in Lewis, Graydon and some of the later candidates the Harvard captain will be able to find a fair chance of replacing them. Behind the line Hallowell, mentioned in the previous paragraph, will give Cochran and Garrison something to think about. At half to keep him company Dibblee will have Warren, Sawin and Parker—all of them men who showed up well last year—while at full-back, besides Reid and Haughton there are several hopeful aspirants.

WALTER CAMP.



LITERATURE

ANGLO-SAXON SUPERIORITY: TO WHAT IT IS DUE. By EDMOND DEMOLINS. Translated by Louis Bert-Lavigne. London: The Lendenhall Press. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHAT is superiority? Is it pre-eminence in the art of music, poetry, or sculpture; is it distinction in manner, conversation, or dress; is it supremacy in philosophy, astronomy, or medical science; does it lie in the possession of vineyards, cathedrals, or whale fisheries? What relation these things bear to superiority, M. Demolins does not determine, but finds us Anglo-Saxons the first in commerce and industry, the most successful colonists, more practical than the rest of the world, and grandly endowed with the capacity of meeting and beating emergency—"se tirer d'affaire." It is less the author's purpose to demonstrate our "superiority" than to throw their inferiority in his countrymen's faces. With France he classes the other Latin countries and Germany. The Slavs, Mongols, Hindus, and other flies of creation are not worthy of his contempt. Otherwise—the reasons for "Anglo-Saxon superiority" are plainly, judicially and sincerely put.

At early boyhood, the Frenchman has instilled into his mind the ambition to become a government official, a "fonctionnaire," with sure and regular pay, with a task demanding neither animal risk nor spiritual power, with peaceful surroundings, possible advancement, and a certain pension. So, for the sake of the ultimate enjoyment of fifty dollars a month, as second sub-vicé-deputy-assistant inspector of cigarette wrappers—the government is the sole dispenser of the soothing weed in France—the French youth submits himself to many weary years of hard schooling in order that, stuffed to the top of his bent with learning, he may compete in the public examination which shall pass him into the government service. The struggle is all-engrossing, even desperate, for thousands of other Frenchmen also are persuaded that the lot of the "fonctionnaire" is the sweetest on earth, and

that no sacrifice of time, health or vitality is too great to reach the lifeless office stool. Failing to absolve the examination, he stands at a loss before the problem of gaining a livelihood. He is unprepared. Books have taught him nothing about business. At home, too, he is fed on helplessness. His parents, provident, thrifty, amiable people, have garnered up a comfortable sum for the benefit of their children. Against his inclination, the boy will never be sent from home during his parents' lifetime; after their death, some means of support are evident, something to secure him against immediate, imperative activity. Or an alternative to the painfulness of original effort may present itself in marriage with a money-bag. The blessing with which French girls are cursed is the marriage portion, or "dot," by which their husbands hang on them. Thus, independence and versatile capacity are neither the object nor the result of education in France. The commercial and agricultural representation of the country is inadequate in parliament, where a host of journalists, officials, doctors and lawyers ride their own hobbies after their own interests. French governments are too fickle and unstable to be counted on for useful commercial legislation. This is the state of affairs in France, according to M. Demolins, whose opinion, that they order these things better in England, contradicts that of a certain sentimental, silk-breeched voyager.

The English boy, states M. Demolins, hears nothing of marriage portions, pensions, and staying at home with mamma. His education is practical; it fits him for the struggle for existence. His lessons include self-reliance, initiative, fortitude, ingenuity, resourcefulness. A goodly portion of his time is spent in outdoor exercise and sports, in which he imposes difficulties upon himself for the sake of overcoming them. An Oriental once expressed surprise at seeing a game of cricket, which kind of labor the players were all rich enough to hire some one else to do. As to football, the writer of "Anglo-Saxon superiority" would certainly sanction the remark, that free kicking at the cost of being freely kicked fosters courage, aggressiveness, forethought, and a sense of responsibility more effectively than Pythag-

oras, Linnaeus, Ollendorff, and De Bello Gallico all combined. The young Anglo-Saxon has no prejudice against commercial vocations, neither does he shun rough work. He does not feel anchored to the family homestead, but wants to rub shoulders with the world, likes to try his mettle abroad. He is enterprising and adventurous, sails across the sea, strikes out into the unknown, builds a hut, founds a home, a town, a nation!

M. Demolins supposes an agricultural college in Sussex, intended to fit out prospective colonists, the typical English school. Has he heard nothing of the copious ornamental Greek and Latin at Eton and other "public schools"; of the idling and gambling at Christchurch; of the London army and civil service "crammers"; of the frantic rivalry for these government offices? Gentlemen's sons in England dislike trade, to which those not trained to a "learned profession" prefer "roughing it" in the colonies. M. Demolins is unaware, that after the age of fourteen a handicraft may be learned at the German *Gewerbeschulen*, as he also is of the existence of the old-established schools of mining and schools of forestry in William II.'s realm. He has no inkling of the superficiality of American education beside the exactness of German. Again he sins against the Germans, in not seeing the formidable hand they have raised against Anglo-Saxon commerce in South America and the Far East, let alone their conquest of several woolen and cutlery markets in the British Isles. M. Demolins, who complains of government by professional officials, might be pleased with the performances of the domestic American amateur. The Canadian House of Commons and the United States Senate can match the *Chambre des Députés* for corruption, and surely the biennial House of Representatives resembles instability very much.

But these and other criticisms cannot destroy M. Demolins' theory, which his arguments are strong enough to carry. And if he had taken temperament, physical structure, and climate into the reckoning, "Anglo-Saxon Superiority" could have been more evident.

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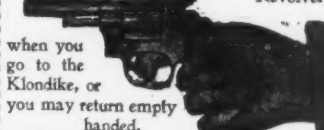
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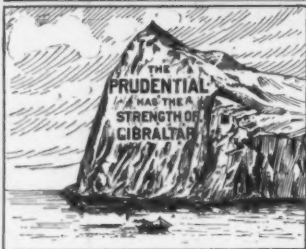
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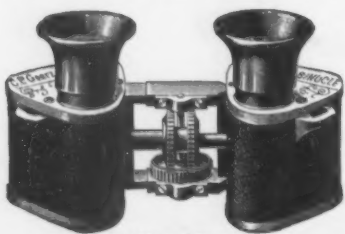
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Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included). \$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities, 19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders, \$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, \$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98, 1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life), 1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force, 94,646,669.00

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets, \$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders), 522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only), 2,764,459.09
Increase in Reserves, 705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 Months, 2,937,432.77

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